The Bone King's Court

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1970892.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Beverly Katz, Abel Gideon/Matthew Brown, Bella Crawford/Jack Crawford
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Alana Bloom, Beverly Katz, Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Abel Gideon, Abigail Hobbs, Mason Verger, Margot Verger, Jack Crawford, Bella Crawford, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller
Additional Tags:	Sugar Daddy Hannibal, Reluctant Sugar Baby Will, Hannigram - Freeform, Hannibal is a Cannibal, Possessive Hannibal, Hannibal is Hannibal, Hannibal is in love, Alpha Hannibal, Omega Will, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Omega Verse, Fluff, Eventual Smut, Slow Burn, Will makes him work, Will Knows, (sort of), Canon-Typical Violence, Murder Husbands, Mating Rituals, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, How can I possibly add any more tags?, Smut, Anal Sex, Oral Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of The First Second Chance
Stats:	Published: 2014-07-17 Completed: 2014-09-12 Words: 24,201 Chapters: 6/6

The Bone King's Court

by TheMarvelousMinniPin

Summary

After winning Will in an Alpha Dominance fight, Hannibal strikes an agreement in order to try to keep him: Allow me to court you for a year, and then you can decide if you want to be my mate. Will agreed, and now Hannibal is going to try his hardest to get the Omega he loves. Meanwhile, Will has realized that Hannibal is a murderer, though not to what extent, and he is trying to content with the fact that he is slowly falling in love with the kind of person he has sworn himself to catch. When he finds out the true extent of Hannibal's crimes, will he be able to turn him in?

A very SugarDaddy!Hannibal and ReluctantSugarBaby!Will sort of deal.

Notes

Hello Everyone, and welcome to Arc Two! The title was inspired by a lovely Hannibal/Game of Thrones crossover in which Hannibal was actually the Bone King. If I ever find it again, I'll pass it along. I liked it.

This is a shorter chapter to start us off, barely even 2,000 words. Sorry. Also I would like to point out, again, that my Hannibal is not some unfeeling monster. Just as dangerous as feeling nothing at all, is feeling very deeply. No emotionless creature could create the works of art that Hannibal makes. He will retain his mask of polite disinterest around most people and for most of the time; he shows his emotions to Will in order to bond with the empath. I'm sorry I didn't make that clear in the Dominance Fights. One of the hard things about writing is knowing how much your readers pick up on and how much they miss because the writer, already knowing it, didn't explain it clearly enough.

So here we go! Enjoy!

XOXO

The One Where Hannibal Went Overboard

Will had expected a certain level of extravagance when he agreed to allow Hannibal to court him, but things had gone from “sweet” to “ridiculous” in three weeks flat. Hannibal’s first show of courting had been to pull several dozen strings to get Will into the best Omega care facility in Baltimore, so that he could undergo a proper detoxification from the hormone suppressants he had been on. Said detox had revealed that his brain was horrifically swollen from blocker-induced encephalitis and Hannibal had somehow managed to have Will’s treatments for that done at the care center, rather than forcing him to spend a few weeks in a hospital. Will wondered when he would be invited to the opening of the new Hannibal Lecter library wing at Johns-Hopkins.

Hannibal had brought Will dinner every single night while he was there. He appreciated the fact that the Alpha had waited until after he had gotten better to start courting him in earnest. Oh sure, there had been little things; a selection of silk pajamas, cashmere loungewear, a rare book chronicling the lines of every Westminster Kennel Club recognized dog breed, and a marvelously fluffy robe among them. At first the Omega had been overwhelmed, but that was before he realized that Hannibal hadn’t even *started* yet.

Will rode home, three weeks later, in a lovely Mercedes CL65 he had never seen before. Hannibal was practically glowing with pride over it. “I can’t believe you got rid of your Bentley. You loved that car.”

“I did no such thing. My Bentley is at home, safe in my garage.”

“Why would anyone need two cars?” Will queried. Hannibal looked quietly, politely, ready to burst with excitement.

“Why indeed?”

“Why indeed,” Will echoed.

“I never did like your car, Dearest,” Hannibal purred. “Old, unreliable, unsafe. Not at all fitting for you.”

“I’ll probably be replacing it in a few years,” Will grumbled.

“Oh it will be replaced much sooner than that. I paid a man to tow it off of a bridge,” And Hannibal really had, though Will would think he was kidding. “The Mercedes is for you. It only arrived yesterday and I thought you would like getting to see in on your ride home. Now isn’t this much better than that old beater?”

Will gaped at Hannibal for a solid twenty minutes. The Alpha’s smug expression was enough to reveal that, no, he wasn’t kidding. He had gotten Will a Mercedes. The Omega took in the car’s interior features and couldn’t believe he hadn’t noticed it before; this was clearly the Omega Edition. The seat cushions were memory foam, appealing to an Omega’s need to be cradled, heated since they got cold easily, and made of a soft fabric instead of the leather that

was traditional for Alphas. It was also made in slightly smaller dimensions, had more storage space, and had more internal lighting (such as along the doors). Omega Edition cars also had the absolute top of the line crash safety systems, since the designation with the weakest bones often didn't fare well in collisions. "Oh Hannibal, I can't accept this."

The Alpha sounded like he had expected the protest when he replied. "You agreed to let me court you as I see fit."

"You bought me a car Hannibal! A normal courting gift is a scarf or a book or a CD or basically anything that isn't a car!"

Hannibal sniffed. "I got you all of those too. Several, in fact."

"What? Hannibal, no. Just no. I cannot accept all of this. Thank you, but no."

"I can't take the car back, Will. Custom orders are final sale. What am I supposed to do with an Omega Edition car that I had custom made for you?"

"Are you trying to guilt me into taking the car?" Will asked incredulously.

"Of course not," Hannibal replied. "That would be the basest of psychological tricks." He switched back to his original tactic nonetheless. "You agreed that I could do this my way, Dearest. This is my way. Also, I don't like your cell phone."

Will took the bait. "I have a perfectly good cell phone."

"Well you certainly do now."

"Hannibal!"

The Alpha appeared to be holding back laughter. "Allow me to amend our deal, Will. If, at the end of our year, you do not choose me as your mate, you can give back the car."

"I'll give back all of it."

"What am I supposed to do with clothing that has been tailor made to your measurements?" He caught Will's further gaping look and added with a smug smile, "We'll have to unpack your trunk when we get back to your house."

The Omega realized that arguing was futile at that point. Besides, part of him wanted to be able to sit back and enjoy this. One matter tickled at his mind, however. "How did you get my measurements?"

"I have a very discreet tailor."

The pair arrived at Will's little farmhouse around 6:30 that evening. The yard had been trimmed and the flower beds weeded in Will's absence. When he opened the door, he found seven well cared for dogs, courtesy of Hannibal. He was amazed that the doctor had a full time pet care service even though he had no pets. His pack greeted him enthusiastically as Hannibal put the Mercedes' keys into the keybox by the front door –which Will hadn't had when he left for the Fights.

There was also dinner waiting for them, courtesy of Hannibal. The man may have been an absolute control freak about his food, but he had realized that Will would be too hungry to wait for him to cook a proper meal, so he had hired one of the chefs he worked with to cater his dinner parties. He immediately began bustling around the kitchen, plating the succulent chicken (yes, real chicken, from an actual bird) and eggplant. Will tiredly sat down at his little table and played with his dogs until Hannibal brought him his food. "Thank you," he said quietly.

"You are very welcome." Hannibal sat opposite the Omega with his own plate and waited until the other man took a bite before beginning his own dinner.

Once Will had swallowed a few bites, he spoke again. "I mean thank you for more than just this. The car, the books, the clothes, getting me into that care facility…. I don't mean to sound ungrateful, and I know that's how I come off. It's just completely overwhelming." The Omega part of Will's brain –fully awake now since the detox- wanted to see how far he could push Hannibal, though the reasonable part of his mind remembered being poor and didn't like all the fuss. He reached out slowly across the table and took Hannibal's hand in his, trying to convey his gratitude. "Thank you, Hannibal."

The Alpha smiled, a small but genuine thing, and squeezed Will's hand. "You are welcome, Dearest. And I'm sorry for overwhelming you. I have never done this before and the urge to… flaunt is rather strong. It is in my nature to want to impress my chosen one, and I can acknowledge that perhaps I ought to go slower. In that vein, I will not bring in the things in the trunk. I will try not to overwhelm you anymore."

Will smiled and the two finished their dinner in a companionable silence, as Will was too tired to really string together any sort of deep conversation. Healing was taking a toll. After the dishes had been cleared and cleaned, Will invited Hannibal over to relax on his bed. Perhaps most courting pairs wouldn't lay together in bed after only three weeks, but Will and Hannibal had already had sex. Besides, Will wanted to snuggle. He had been deprived of physical contact for entirely too long and with Hannibal he felt safe.

He reflected on the irony of that as Hannibal spooned in behind him. He knew, beyond even the shadow of a doubt, that Hannibal was a murderer. He had seen it in his Alpha's eyes when they were finally open to him. He knew. So why had he not gone to Jack with his suspicions? Why had he agreed to allow Hannibal to court him? By all logic he should have run the other way in the arena, but instead he had run right into Hannibal's bed. There was no part of him that didn't want to be in his Alpha's bed again.

Will knew that he was absolutely safe from Hannibal, and that that safety came from his love. As long as Hannibal loved him, he would never hurt his Omega. And a man like Hannibal Lecter didn't stop loving lightly. Even so, that was not enough reason for them to mate. Will

knew that he wouldn't end up agreeing in the end. Hannibal wouldn't kill him just for refusing; he wasn't that kind of Alpha. However reluctantly, however much it hurt him –and Will knew it would hurt Hannibal terribly; the Alpha would let him go. It was a shame, then, to accept all of the courting gifts and the gestures. He knew that he would never want an Alpha, so taking them was wrong.

So then, Will decided, no matter how much he liked them, no matter how special they made him feel, he couldn't take them. He shouldn't lead Hannibal on. Cursing his sudden attack of conscience, he pulled away from the Alpha and sat up. "Are you planning to stay here tonight? It's a long drive back to Baltimore."

Hannibal also sat up. "Of course, I would not wish to impose. I'm afraid I'm going to have to drive the Mercedes back, however. I can have it delivered to you tomorrow."

"Do whatever you want with it, it's your car," Will mumbled.

"No Will, it's *your* car." Hannibal sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose; Will was giving him a headache. "We have had this discussion already. It was quite recently, in fact."

"I know that. I just…." Will trailed off. He had no idea how to articulate what he was feeling in a way that wouldn't crush Hannibal.

"Say it, Will."

"I don't want an Alpha, Hannibal."

"I see." Will looked at Hannibal closely and saw the flash of hurt cross his face. "Does that mean that, whatever I do, you will refuse to even consider suit?"

"Yes and no."

"But mostly yes. Are you really completely unwilling to give me a chance, Will?" The Alpha didn't bother hiding his disappointment and hurt now; he wore them plainly for the Omega to see. Will was not unaffected, but Hannibal continued before he could think of the right way to say things. "Answer me that honestly, De- Will." Will flinched when he cut off the term of endearment. "If you say yes, I will stop trying. I will not attempt to insert myself where I am not wanted. I will let you be for the year and set you free at the end of it.

"I just don't know how this is supposed to work!" Will exclaimed. "I don't want an Alpha. It isn't anything personal against you, not at all. If I did want an Alpha, I'm pretty sure I might choose you. I just don't want to be mated. I don't think my mind can be changed at this point and I don't want you to waste all of this time, and effort, and money trying if, in the end, I could never give you a chance. I don't want to lead you along. I- you are my best friend, Hannibal. I don't want to hurt you like that."

"I appreciate that, Will, I truly do," Hannibal smoothed an errant curl away from Will's forehead and the Omega leaned into the motion, so he shifted his hand downward to cradle the man's face. "That is why I need you to tell me right now if I am wasting my time. Just

give me a simple yes or no: Is there any chance, however remote, that I can prove myself to you and become your Alpha?"

"I don't know! I can't tell you that, I just don't know!"

"If the answer were no, you would know it for sure," Hannibal murmured softly.

Will hesitated for a moment at that. "I suppose you're right."

"Just let me try, Dearest," The Omega melted into Hannibal's touch, inching closer until his knees were pressed into the side of his Alpha's leg, leaning against his chest and into his embrace. "If there is any chance at all, no matter how slight, I promise you I will not feel that any of this is a waste. Let that ease your conscience, which I feel may be part of the problem." He maneuvered Will onto his lap and held him tightly. "While normally I would find this to be abysmal advice, I will give it to you now: do not worry about the future consequences. Allow yourself to enjoy being courted. If it causes you anxiety, it cannot work. All I ask, Dearest, is that you not utterly close yourself off to the possibility of us having a future together."

Will nodded and burrowed into his Alpha's arms, pressing against him to make him lay back on the bed. Hannibal pulled the blankets up over them and reached over to turn off the lights. Clearly he was meant to stay the night. Will whispered into his chest "That may be all I can promise you."

"That is enough."

Presents

Chapter Notes

> I hope the length and content of this chapter make up for the delay. Hmm can anyone guess what's going to end up happening with Matthew Brown? Dun dun dun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal's life was nothing short of bliss at the moment. The discussion he and Will had had when they had stayed in Wolf Trap truly had eased Will's mind and he was more comfortable in the courting rituals. He still resisted the gifts (or tried to) but Hannibal was confident he could convince the stubborn Omega to allow him to provide him with everything he had ever deserved. Hannibal smiled every time he thought of how much Will really did like the Mercedes.

In the past week he had been able to subtly ply Will with truly wonderful gifts. And really, they weren't as expensive as Will was making them out to be. Out of the eight cashmere sweaters he had given the younger man, only one of them was over $800. Valentino wasn't as expensive as people in America seemed to think. Hannibal knew that if he wanted to get that flannel out of Will's closet and get him into some real plaid, he would have to make sure it was all deliciously soft. Omegas love soft.

Only one little speedbump had presented itself, and Hannibal had no problem taking the Bentley right over it if need be. His once-colleague Able Gideon had also participated in the Fights, and had won a replacement for the Omega he had killed a few years ago. Apparently the new Omega and Will had hit it off rather well, and Gideon was under the impression that they should spend some time together. Hannibal wasn't sure he wanted Will around whatever type of trouble maker Able Gideon would want as a mate. He also wanted Will to forget about what he had been subjected to –sans the image of Hannibal victorious, of course.

Politeness, however, dictated that Hannibal invite the new pair to dinner and serve them Postal Worker Roulade. The young worker had opened Hannibal's mail during the rather short time she had worked the route he was on, and now enough time had passed that he was no longer a source of suspicion in her disappearance. She hadn't merited a place as a Ripper victim, but she would make a nice meal for "friends."

When Will opened the door of Hannibal's gigantic house that Thursday night, he was pleasantly surprised to see Matthew Brown again. The other Omega looked sullen and

discontented, but he perked up immediately upon recognizing his host. “Will?” He breathed as if he couldn’t believe it.

“It’s good to see you again, Matthew,” Will greeted. “And it’s very nice to meet you, Dr. Gideon. Please come in,” He moved back to let the pair in. “Hannibal is just finishing up so if you’ll follow me to the dining room, he’ll join us in a moment.” Will tugged on the perfectly tailored sleeves of his dinner jacket as he led the two men into Hannibal’s dining room. The jacket was, of course, a gift from Hannibal; his own dinner jacket had disappeared, along with half of his wardrobe. Everything had been replaced but Will still felt like he wasn’t wearing his own clothes, even though these fit him better than any of his previous attire. He wondered if it was obvious that he would never pick out a velvet dinner jacket for himself.

Hannibal arrived carrying their appetizer only a moment after they sat down, and he greeted Dr. Gideon and Matthew politely. Will picked up on how it was only polite –there was no real warmth to the greeting. He doesn’t want them here, Will realized, though he couldn’t think of why. Talk turned medical before the first course was finished, and Will found himself tuning it out and looking at Matthew. The other Omega seemed content to be ignored by the Alphas, and Will couldn’t blame him. He looked rough. There were shadows of bruises visible along his jaw, and fingerprints on his neck. Bite marks were also bright and vivid on his pale flesh; claiming bites made outside of Heat.

It seemed that Matthew hadn’t ended up with the gentle, caring Alpha that Will had. He felt bad for the man, who obviously felt bad for himself. This was exactly the sort of thing he hadn’t wanted to have to live with, but he had gotten it anyway. You should feel especially lucky then, the very Omega part of his brain hissed. That you have an Alpha like Hannibal, who wants to care for you and protect you.

Hannibal requested Will’s help getting the main course and he obliged, tired of the oppressive silence from Matthew but unsure what to say. “He hurt him,” He managed simply, once he was safely in the kitchen with his Alpha.

“Able Gideon is a bloody savage and if the Omega Governance Board actually cared about Omegas they would ban him from ever having one again. He did murder his last.” Hannibal pulled the pans from the oven and began plating with no more interest than if he had given Will a weather report –or so it would seem to anyone else. Will could see the tension in his Alpha’s strong frame, and part of his mind called for him to mold himself into the other man’s side and give him comfort.

Shaking off that idea, Will leaned heavily on the counter. “And there’s nothing we can do?”

“I invited them over to get Gideon drunk and give Matthew a night away from such a brutal Alpha. I happen to know that Gideon sleeps when he drinks,” Hannibal assured at Will’s outraged looks. “Alcohol makes him less violent, actually. Especially when it’s laced with sleeping pills.”

The Omega gasped, and then grinned. “You really do want to help Matthew.”

“Only a monster would hurt an Omega. We are intended to cherish you, to protect you. Harming an Omega is a disgusting act only committed by the foulest of creatures,” Hannibal

growled passionately.

“You know, of all the serial killers and general psychos I have had to profile, only the Chesapeake Ripper and Copycat Killer didn’t victimize Omegas. The Copycat actually broke the pattern to use a Beta instead of an Omega.”

“Serial killers who still have a conscience?” Hannibal finished plating the dishes and passed two of them to Will to carry –to give him an excuse for being needed in the kitchen.

Will hummed noncommittally. “I wouldn’t go that far.” He picked up the plates and started back to the dining room. “And Hannibal?”

“Yes, Dearest?”

“Thank you.”

Matthew and Able didn’t wind up staying for dessert, which Hannibal was more than fine with. He relished the time alone with Will, especially since the two Omegas had made plans to meet on Monday after Will’s class. It ruined his dinner plans, but also gave him a free night to construct a different sort of courting gift for his love. It would be a piece that defied convention, but Will would understand eventually.

He returned to the dining room with two crystal bowls of chocolate and pomegranate mousse and set one before Will. They ate in an amicable silence. The Omega had been quiet all evening, obviously on edge because of what he had seen in Matthew Brown. That didn’t stop him from swiping his finger around his bowl to collect all of the mousse when he thought Hannibal wasn’t looking. “There’s more in the kitchen, if you would like.”

Will blushed. “Sorry. It was really good. I love chocolate mousse.”

“That’s good to know. What else do you love, Dearest?” Hannibal collected their wine glasses, refilled them, and led his Omega into the living room as the other man pondered.

“The smell in the air after a storm,” Will finally answered once Hannibal had directed him into his own favorite chair. “Petrichor is the earth’s own perfume.” He laughed at that and shook his head. “That’s a little ridiculous.”

“I think you’re right about that. Chocolate mousse, petrichor, what else?” Hannibal pulled another arm chair over to where Will sat so that they could be close and face each other.

“Billy Joel’s music, Cajun food, not looking at dead bodies. I love getting up before the sun to go fishing. I hope to take you fishing one day, Hannibal.”

“I would like that,” the Alpha purred. It was getting difficult to just leave his Omega in his own chair. He wanted to hold the man in front of him. He wanted to pull him close, chest to chest, tuck the other’s head under his chin, and just hold him there. Unfortunately it was

getting late, and he could see Will looking at the clock. His Omega pondered it for a moment, before turning away to look right at Hannibal again. His eye contact had improved greatly.

“What about you, Hannibal? What do you love?” Will drained what was left of his wine and set the glass down on the table next to him, without taking his eyes off of his Alpha.

“That is where we are different, is it not? You love the simple pleasures in life while I prefer things that are a little…less simple. I would cloak you in petrichor rather than that horrific aftershave you insist on, but my food preferences tend towards high cuisine. I am not entirely familiar with this Billy Joel, though I seem to associate him with rock music.”

“Not just rock,” Will chimed in. “Proper rock’n’roll. None of this modern emo crap.”

“You’ll have to introduce me,” Hannibal also finished his wine and set his glass aside. His hands itched to be on Will’s skin, in his hair. He kept them light on the arms of his chair. “I have a love of sleeping in, to be honest, though I rarely do so. It’s a treat best enjoyed sparingly. I don’t usually have the time for it anyway. If I am not with patients, I prefer to fill my time with more meaningful pursuits. I enjoy the opera, the ballet, and theatre. I love going to galleries and exhibitions. I do love cooking fresh fish, even if I have never caught it myself.” Will had risen out of his seat and now stood toe to toe with Hannibal. “It is very late, are you intending to drive home? You are more than welcome to stay here if you would prefer; I have a number of guest-“ Will bent down, covered each of Hannibal’s hands with his own, and kissed his Alpha fiercely.

“A guest room, Hannibal?” He teased when he pulled away for breath. “Aren’t we somewhat past that?”

“I would never presume,” Hannibal huffed against his lips.

Will laughed and pressed his lips back to Hannibal’s. The Alpha slid hid hands free to grab his Omega’s hips and pull him into the chair. Will went quite willingly, settling in the firm lap and wrapping his arms around Hannibal to feel the muscles of his back through his suit. The pair kissed languidly. There was no need to rush. They had all the time in the world. Hannibal intended that they take the weekend, now that he knew Will would be staying the night. He could call the pet care service he had used during Will’s recovery.

His Omega hadn’t stayed over since before the Fights and Hannibal was happy to have him back in his domain. Here he could control every variable and remove some of the guesswork. While he appreciated the puzzle Will presented to him, loving the man’s complexity, he didn’t appreciate the addition of cretins like Jack Crawford using Will’s mind, or Matthew Brown making sheep’s eyes at his Omega when he thought no one would notice. Here Will would be his and only his. Hannibal began feathering kisses over Will’s cheek, across the bridge of his nose to the other, and around his jaw. The Omega held still and breathed shallowly through his parted lips. His eyes were glazed in contented pleasure at the gentle gesture.

Hannibal threaded his fingers into the sable curls in front of him and gently tugged Will’s head back so that he could continue his light kisses downwards. He was immensely pleased when Will didn’t even flinch as he kissed his neck. He went along the side of his Omega’s

neck, then licked into the hollow of his collar bone. Happy with the reaction so far, he moved up Will's throat, his breath ghosting over it, and gently bit over his Adam's apple, nothing more than the scrape of teeth on skin.

Will nearly jumped out of his skin and leapt out of Hannibal's lap. He stared at his Alpha in shock for a moment before he realized that he was in no danger. "God Hannibal, I'm sorry. After seeing what Dr. Gideon did to Matthew…."

"No Dearest, I'm sorry. I should have known better." Hannibal slowly slid his hand up Will's side to his shoulder and, feeling no fear from his Omega, pulled him back into his embrace. This time he gave into his earlier desire to have Will completely tucked into him; the Omega's hands clenched in his shirt, he had buried his face in Hannibal's chest, and Hannibal tucked him under his chin with one hand between his shoulder blades and the other threaded into his hair. "You asked me what I love, Dearest, and it seems that I left me list incomplete," He whispered. "I love you most of all."

Will pressed farther against him at that, but didn't respond. That was alright, Hannibal had known that he wouldn't. Will didn't know yet that he loved his Alpha. It would take time for him to truly see Hannibal, and to see that he loved him. When Will finally did respond, he was nearly too quiet to hear. "Can we go to bed, please? I'm tired."

"Of course, Dearest."

Will spent the entire weekend at Hannibal's house, from Thursday to Monday. Never before had he been so glad that Jack had basically gotten him Fridays off in case there was a case he was needed on. He got to take the day off even if there wasn't, and that suited him fine at the moment. Despite the fact that he and Hannibal hadn't exactly stayed up into the wee hours of the morning having sex, he was still tired.

Will wondered if Hannibal had expected sex sometime over the weekend. They had already had sex, their very first night together, so it wasn't unreasonable to think that they would do so again by any means. But Hannibal had insisted on courting Will properly and to Will that meant not having sex after barely being in a courtship for a month. He didn't even really consider them as being in a relationship, stupidly enough. Hannibal hadn't pushed him, either, and Will felt like that was probably part of the reason he had been holding himself back. He had wanted to see if the Alpha would get angry, insist, even force him. None of that had happened, even when Will had gotten him to the point of having to relieve himself in the bathroom. Knowing that, Will was pretty sure he wouldn't bother holding himself back next time he had the Alpha to himself for an entire weekend.

After class on Monday, Matthew met Will at a cafe in D.C. for dinner. He was terribly on edge and Will felt a surge of anguish every time he looked into the other Omega's eyes. "I'm

sorry you ended up with exactly what you feared," Will whispered at a particularly tense moment during their mostly silent meal.

"Well it's exactly what I expected. Alphas are fucking animals," Matthew hissed.

"Not all of them," Will defended Hannibal –not just Hannibal, but Jack, Beverly, and Zeller as well. "I know a lot of them are bad, but not all of them are."

"Oh why, just because one hasn't held you down and raped you yet?" Matthew snapped. "You can't trust him, Will. He may seem nice now, but that's because you haven't pissed him off yet. Once that happens, and it inevitably will, then you'll see the monster hiding beneath those stupid plaid suits."

Will didn't reply that he had already seen the monster and had nothing to fear from it. Matthew didn't need to know all of that. "Hannibal helped you the other night."

"How, by dumping sleeping pills into Abel's wine and getting him pissed off at me the next morning? Shall I show you what your little boyfriend's "help" got me?" He ripped up his shirt to expose the bruising all along his ribcage. "He didn't even say anything, he just beat me. He does it all the time. He doesn't need a reason, and nobody cares."

"Is there anywhere you can go?" Will asked, horrified. The very Omega part of his brain was once again purring about the fact that he had attracted an Alpha that would never hurt him in such a way.

Matthew snorted. "Nope. Not for a year. Not even the boldest Omega shelter will help a prize won Omega before the first year is up. If I run, every fucking cop in the world will be after me. They'll beat the shit out of me, and bring me back for Abel to murder. That's what happened to his first Omega, or so he said. She tried to run, so he killed her."

"I'm sorry," Will entreated again. He knew that there was precious little he could do. He was bound by the law, just like everyone else. There was no way to help without getting Hannibal in trouble, and he was unwilling to risk another person in this.

"Anyway," Matthew changed the subject lightning-quick. "That's not what I want to talk about."

"Okay, then shoot." Will was happy to change the subject from the source of Matthew's pain.

"You and Hannibal are just courting, right?"

"Yes. He says he wants to do things properly."

Matthew rolled his eyes at that. He paid for the check and they went out to walk around the more historical part of the capital. "Right. Well that means that you're free to be courted by others."

"I really don't think-"

"I want to court you, Will."

Will watched the other Omega for some hint that he was kidding, but his face radiated only sincerity. “We…can’t,” he choked out. He could hardly believe he was having this conversation. “We’re both prize won; we belong to our Alphas. Dr. Gideon is going to mate with you. Hannibal wants to mate with me. And besides, we’re both Omegas.”

“I never took you for the type who would care about something like that,” Matthew said earnestly.

“How would you take me as the type for anything? We only just met!”

“We’ve known each other for a month.”

“We knew each other for a few days, during which we were rarely together, and since then we have had two meals together. That’s not knowing each other,” Will protested. He was starting to get uncomfortable. Somehow this all felt like he was betraying Hannibal.

“Well then we’re getting to know each other. That’s basically what courting is anyway. Let me court you, Will, and then we’ll know.”

“What about all of the rest of it? What about Dr. Gideon and Hannibal? What about us both being Omegas?”

“With all the abuse he’s heaping on me, I can get away from Abel after the mandatory year is up. My mom is a lawyer; she’ll be able to find a sympathetic judge. Hannibal claims that whether or not the two of you mate is your choice. That takes care of those two. As for us both being Omegas, do you really care? Honestly?”

Will went quiet for a moment. Two Omegas in a relationship without a Thoroughbred Alpha between them was one of the biggest taboos in society, the absolute biggest in terms of relationships. He knew it was a mostly pro-natal line of thinking, but that didn’t stop it from having hold in much of America and the world. The religious nut job conservatives liked to rant about how their god only supported Alpha/Omega and Beta/Beta relationships. Anything else was sin and would destroy the fabric of society. This had influenced a lot of legislation and Omega/Omega relationships were only legal in 34 of them. Only in one were they recognized by law.

Will had never really given it much thought. No, he didn’t think it was wrong, but that didn’t mean he wanted to be in that kind of relationship. He wasn’t really attracted to Omegas. He had preferred Betas for the longest time, probably from conditioning himself to live as a Beta, but his body really did crave the touch of an Alpha. When he went into Heat, he longed for a knot. And Omegas together were infertile.

“I want kids,” Will admitted. He had always denied himself even the possibility of them, living as a Beta, but for the first time, with Hannibal, he actually had the chance for what he had always longed for. Possibly. He would have to discuss it with his Alpha, but he couldn’t imagine the man not wanting kids, even if only to make Will happy.

“We could adopt,” Matthew supplied.

Will snorted. “Were from? No one adopts to two Omega parents. Only “legitimate” couples of an Alpha and an Omega or two Betas can adopt.”

“Not everywhere in the world.”

“We’re getting ahead of ourselves. I haven’t agreed to anything and we’re talking about kids.”

Matthew threw him a cocky smile. “That’s because you can see us together.” They were walking past shops now, reminding Will that he had two very important birthdays to buy for: Alana’s and Hannibal’s.

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

“Can you see yourself with him?”

“Yes,” Will answered, without any hesitation. The truth of the statement amazed him. “Look, Matthew, I’m not trying to hurt you,” for that was exactly what he saw in the other Omega’s eyes. “Hannibal and I are established. I have known him for two years. We’ve been through a lot together. He killed three Alphas in that Fight, despite being the oldest registered combatant, to keep me safe.”

“He killed so that he could own you. I would kill to keep you safe.”

“Do not presume to know why my Alpha kills,” Will snapped. He shouldn’t be getting so angry over this, but he couldn’t help it. The Omegaen part of his brain was rebelling against everything Matthew was saying. It didn’t want him, it wanted an Alpha. A strong Alpha, who had proven himself, who would take care of Will.

“Oh so he’s already “my Alpha” to you, is he? Are you really that blind Will?” Matthew grabbed his arm to stop him in the street and the basest part of him snapped. He reeled back and punched Matthew right in the jaw. Already injured from Dr. Gideon, he fell to the ground.

Will dropped to his knees beside him. “I am so sorry. I don’t know why I did that. I’ve been on hormone suppressants for years and now that I’m off them sometimes I get a bit emotional and oh I am so sorry.”

Matthew started to laugh. “Wow, you are feisty.” Will pulled him back to his feet. “I’m sorry I called you blind. I’m just worried that he might be playing you, that’s all. I don’t want to see you hurt. I know we don’t know each other that well, but I feel like we do. I feel like I’ve known you forever.”

Will was shaking his head. “I can be your friend, Matthew, but that’s all I can promise you.”

“I’ll get you to change your mind,” Matthew vowed. “But for now, that’s enough.”

They walked a while longer, enjoying the warm summer evening, until Will caught sight of something in a shop window that made him stop. “Mind if we go in?” He asked. “I have some friends with birthdays coming up and I see something I like.” Matthew acquiesced and they went in.

The shopkeeper was an older Beta woman with dark eyes and a quick smile. “How can I help you gentlemen?”

“Those cufflinks in the window,” Will said. “Can I see them?”

“Cufflinks?” Matthew asked, incredulously.

“Yes, cufflinks,” Will affirmed. The woman brought the box out and placed them on the counter. “Some people wear them.”

Matthew caught on, and he frowned. “Ah. For your Alpha.”

“For your Alpha?” The shopkeeper asked with a smile.

“Yes, his birthday is coming up. Can’t get him out of a suit and I figure these are nicer than a tie.”

She laughed. “I’d say so. They’re smoky quartz, absolutely flawless too. Cushion cut. The setting is gold filigree. They’re about 80 years old.”

“They’re beautiful,” Will breathed. The stones were nearly as big as his fingernail and the setting was incredibly elegant. Given the neutral color of the quartz, Will was willing to bet that Hannibal could find at least one thing in his wardrobe he could wear them with. “I’ll take them.”

The woman smiled. “Most people ask for the price first.”

“How much are they?”

“$150.”

“I’ll take them.” Will really did think that was a little high, but Hannibal had bought him a $200,000 car. He whipped out his card and handed it to the shopkeeper, who swiped it before he could change his mind.

“I’ll wrap these up for you,” She said. “Feel free to look around some more. We have more cuff links.” With that she went into the back room and Will was faced with Matthew’s ridiculing stare.

“You just spent $150 on buttons.”

“Cufflinks.”

“Fancy buttons.”

“What can I say, Hannibal is starting to rub off on me.”

Back home in Wolf Trap, Will felt a little stupid for buying the cufflinks –not because they were too much, but because they weren’t enough. He knew that he didn’t have the money to spend that Hannibal did, there was no way around that. Will thought back to what Hannibal had told him about the things he loved, and decided that he would make his Alpha’s birthday special in other ways. He still had about a month to plan that, however, so his more current concern was what to get Alana. Maybe Hannibal would have some ideas.

He had just put the beautifully wrapped box in his dresser drawer when he heard a car approaching his house. He wondered if Hannibal had decided to come spend the night, but dismissed the idea quickly. Hannibal believed in calling first. That left one person who would come bother him this late. He answered the door on the first knock. “Hello, Jack.”

“Hello, Will. The Ripper left us a present.”

Chapter End Notes

Fredericksburg, Virginia is my home town. It’s getting used (later) because I know the area very well. I also know Quantico and D.C., so don’t be surprised if descriptions of Fredericksburg, D.C., and Quantico are better than those of Baltimore. I have been to Baltimore maybe twice. Additionally, I feel the need to point out that there is no such place as Wolf Trap, Virginia. I guess maybe either Harris or Fuller (whoever decided on where Will lived, I haven’t read the books) didn’t do proper research. What they are thinking of is Wolf Trap National Park for the Performing Arts in Vienna, Virginia. One cannot live in the National Park which is colloquially known as just “Wolf Trap” by those of us from the area. Now using the park as my reference point, Fredericksburg is an hour south, Quantico is 45 minutes south, D.C. is about 25 minutes east, and Baltimore is an hour north-east. Add in traffic, which is terrible in NoVa, D.C., and Baltimore, and any of these drives could easily take 2-15 hours in traffic (I shit you not). I hope that helps keep things straight.

He Sees Me

Chapter Notes

> Well I intended for this to happen later, but it happened now. Please note that I have updated the tags and upped the rating, which I forgot to do for Dominance Fights (sorry). Beyond here, there is sex. And you can't really skip this chapter, but the sex is all at the end.

The ride to D.C. was uncomfortable for Will, Jack made sure of it. “So you and Hannibal?”

“Yes, me and Hannibal.”

“I don’t think anyone saw that coming. How long were you two together before the Fights?”

“We weren’t together at all before then.”

Jack looked disbelieving. “I was there, Will. I saw how you reacted. It looked like you two had been together for ages, but hadn’t had the sense to make it official.”

“That wasn’t what happened.” How could a 25 minute drive take so freaking long? There wasn’t even traffic. “I was just…really grateful. I was glad that I didn’t have to go home with a complete stranger.”

“You went home with your psychiatrist instead,” Jack needled.

“As per your orders, Jack, Hannibal isn’t actually my psychiatrist officially. Better him than some of the other Alphas. Better him than Abel Gideon.”

“I can’t disagree there. An uncle of mine serves on the Governance Board and he voted against letting Gideon participate in the Fights again.” The SUV lapsed into silence for several long minute before Jack continued. “So what are you and Hannibal going to be doing? Am I going to have to fight with him about getting you in the field? You can hardly come to crime scenes if you’re…well…you know.”

“If I’m what, Jack?” Will snapped indignantly. He knew what the Alpha was implying, but he didn’t want to hear it. Not from him.

“I can’t let a pregnant Omega into crime scenes,” Jack confirmed.

“I suppose it’s a good thing that I’m not a pregnant Omega,” Will said primly. “I really don’t want to walk about this right now. Hannibal has agreed to let me keep my job and that should be good enough for right now.”

“It really isn’t good enough,” Jack countered. “Legally, I’m kidnapping you right now. You know that, right? Your Alpha doesn’t know where you are, he didn’t give permission for me to take you. There are forms he has to sign for this to be allowed; a shit ton of bureaucratic bull shit. And then what happens after that? You’re going to change, having an Alpha.”

“Let me stop you there,” Will growled. “I don’t really have an Alpha. Hannibal and I haven’t mated-“

“You’re going to,” Jack interrupted.

“You don’t know that. *I* don’t even know that. Hannibal is just courting me!”

“So he does want to mate with you.”

“Yes, he does. And maybe I want the same thing, but it hasn’t happened yet. It won’t happen for at least another eleven months, so you can just chill out and stop treating me like...like….”

“Like?”

“Like an Omega!”

“You are an Omega, Will. I knew that when I hired you. Ever notice that you get a week off every few months for your Heat? They weren’t bad before, with you being on the blockers, but that’s going to change. I came and picked you up myself to see just how strongly you smell.” Jack smacked the steering wheel. “Let me tell you, Will, you smell pretty damn strong. You’re off the blockers and you’re being frequently exposed to a biologically suitable Alpha. Your hormones are changing in response to him courting you. I don’t know if you’ll be able to keep doing your job.”

Jack was practically yelling by the end of his tirade and he was right about one thing – Hannibal’s hormones were affecting Will. The Omega had curled in on himself and pulled away from the Alpha as much as he could. Even though Jack wasn’t his Alpha, his displeasure still hurt and his anger was frightening. Will forced himself back into a normal posture and stared straight ahead at the looming crime scene.

“I can do my job. My hormones will change. My Heats will get worse. I can still do my job.” He was out of the vehicle as soon as it stopped moving. He could see Beverly snapping photos so he went to her. He could have laughed at himself; such typical Omega behavior, to run to a familiar Alpha.

Beverly was not a particularly strong Alpha. She wasn’t as neutral as a Beta, but she wasn’t up there in the pissing contest with Alphas like Hannibal, or even Jack. As much as people often thought she was a Beta with Alpha characteristics, she had always thought that Will was a Beta with Omega characteristics. She had sort of taken him under her wing and she tried to shield him from Jack when he got in a bad mood. Will appreciated that.

“Whoa who’s the Omega?” Zeller asked without looking up. He could smell the pheromones drifting off of Will but he didn’t quite seem to place the familiarity of the scent that he had

never smelled without blockers.

“Will?” Beverly asked, looking concerned. She had been at the Fights too, with Alana, so she knew. He was glad she hadn’t bothered telling anyone else. “Are you okay to be here?”

“I’m fine. “

“Wait, Will?” Zeller finally looked over at him, completely shocked. “You’re an Omega? I thought you were a Beta.”

“I was on blockers. Had to stop. So, dead body?”

“Not just any dead body,” Price interrupted Zeller’s response. “You’re never going to guess who this guy is.” The team had been examining bits of flesh that had been shaved off, and stopped to lead him around the side of the building to where the body was hung. “It’s President Marcus McKinnon.”

“Head of the Omega Governance Board,” Will whispered. He recognized the balding man – whose face had been left perfectly intact- from the speech he had given at breakfast before the Fights.

“Jack thinks this is the Ripper,” Beverly informed him. Will nodded and Beverly pulled everyone back. He took a deep breath and let the pendulum swing.

Sometimes the greatest of art is a political statement. I followed Mr. McKinnon to his home and brought him out with ease. There was no struggle. He knew me. He thought he knew me. He was wrong.

I broke his neck in one easy motion; paralyzing him but leaving him alive to feel every ounce of pain that I could wring from his body before it gave out. I emasculated him. It wasn’t sexual –it never is- but he was so very very proud of being an Alpha. He would never assert dominance again.

I fileted him. I removed the snake’s scales in increments, making sure he never passed out from the pain. I wanted him to feel it all. I wanted him to feel the pain he had inflicted upon others. He died of blood loss somewhere between me removing his fingers and opening his rib cage. Pity. He should have felt his chest being ripped open. His heart being ripped out.

I removed every one if his organs. I removed the back of his head to take his brain. That I set inside of his chest, and laid his severed manhood on top of it. That had always been how he had thought; Alpha first. I removed the scent glands and bonding glands from his neck and laid those with his shrivled penis.

I felt a momentary twinge of something for what his poor Omega was currently going through –woken up in the middle of the night to feel her Alpha being dismembered and killed. She hadn’t deserved that, but neither had the thousands of people he had hurt.

I kept only his lungs and kidneys. The rest I laid around his feet. I tied ropes around his arms and legs, hoisting him up in the archway that led into the office building. I kept him spread in a mockery of the Vitruvian Man. He would never hurt anyone again. He was nothing anymore. I stuff the remaining space with flowers, a gift to the observer.

This is my design.

Will expected to pull out of his trance-like state immediately, but something stopped him. There was a voice in the back of his head. His own voice, telling Hannibal about how the Chesapeake Ripper had never killed an Omega. The Ravenstag stood before him, erect and proud. It was daring him to think, to realize what he already knew. It shifted, becoming half-man, half-stag. Will felt a faint coming on. "Hannibal."

Will awoke on a couch in the FBI headquarters in D.C., with a plaid suit jacket carefully draped over his shoulders. Hannibal and Jack were arguing. Hannibal was winning. "It was the Ripper, Jack." Will said as he stood up. Both Alphas came over to him. Hannibal put a hand on his shoulder and guided him back down.

"You need to rest, Will. Coming off of the blockers may have made you a bit unprepared for what you saw."

"The *body* wasn't what I was unprepared to see," Will mumbled. He couldn't look at Hannibal. He didn't want to see ash darkened skin and antlers. "It was the Ripper."

"You're certain?" Jack asked.

"Completely."

"Why would the Chesapeake Ripper kill the head of the Omega Governance Board?" Zeller asked from a table not far from the couch. They were in some sort of presentation space.

"Why does the Chesapeake Ripper kill anyone?" Beverly asked sarcastically. "He doesn't like them."

"President McKinnon was a stand up guy," Zeller argued.

"Not from the Ripper's perspective," Will countered. "Have you ever noticed that the Ripper has never killed a single Omega? And that a lot of the Alphas he has killed are known to have been rather unpleasant to their Omegas? I could almost swear he's protecting them, but it isn't anything that noble. It's just another form of rudeness that bothers him."

"This is just a month after the Fights," Beverly added. "This year was one of the bloodiest and most brutal on record."

“Not to mention it had the controversy of Abel Gideon being allowed to fight,” Hannibal said mildly. “President McKinnon would have had no small hand in that decision. If he wants to protect Omegas, or even if harming one is just something he sees as rude, getting rid of President McKinnon would send an intimidating message.”

“The Ripper has never sent out a message like this before,” Jack growled. “This is a direct threat. Why would he break his own pattern?”

“For an Omega,” Will stated simply. “We have already established that the Ripper is an Alpha. Maybe he knew an Omega who was involuntarily selected for the Fights. Maybe he’s courting one that could be selected next year. He did this for someone. This is a gift. This is a courting gift.” Will finally looked directly at Hannibal. He saw warmth in those dark eyes.

The Chesapeake Ripper has never killed an Omega.

A serial killer with a conscience?

Only a monster would hurt an Omega.

Harming an Omega is a disgusting act only committed by the foulest of creatures.

Let me court you as you so richly deserve.

Anywhere I am is a safe place for you.

The monster loves me.

I am safe.

The monster loves me.

Hannibal drove Will back to his house in Baltimore after informing Jack that the Omega wouldn’t be at work in the morning. He needed to adjust. Will was silent until Hannibal handed him a glass of wine and sat him down in his own favorite chair. “Are we going to talk about this?” Will asked.

Hannibal finished adjusting the other chair in front of Will’s and took his seat. “I would ask what, but there’s no need for that. You know.”

“You’re the Chesapeake Ripper and you killed the head of the Omega Governance Board as a courting gift to me. This is one hell of a way to give someone flowers, Hannibal.”

“You are taking this remarkably well.”

“No I’m not. I’m in shock. I’m processing this. I was wondering if you would deny it.”

“I have no reason to lie to you.”

“Self preservation, maybe?” Will grumbled.

“You won’t turn me in. I never would have revealed myself to you if you weren’t just like me. We are *equals*, Will. You have this inside of you. Let me show you,” Hannibal entreated.

“I am not a murderer!” Will yelled. “I am not like you. You’re wrong. You miscalculated.”

“Then why didn’t you tell Jack?”

“I wasn’t sure. I have no proof. There is no evidence.”

“I have President McKinnon’s lungs and kidneys in my refrigerator. You may take those to Jack, if you need.”

“Why?” Will demanded sharply. “Why are you handing all of this to me? You handed me your identity with this kill, you confessed, and you offered me the evidence that would have you executed. Why?”

“Because you won’t do it.” Hannibal knew he was taking a risk here. He had planned to wait until Will was his mate before revealing himself, but he had been forced to move up his plans. He knew what Matthew Brown wanted. He knew the insolent little pig was trying to sow doubt in Will’s mind. If he had waited until after they were mated, Will would have seen the other Omega as being right about Alphas. He would have lost his one true mate.

“I have faith in you, Will. You know that I would never hurt you. You also know that I kill those who deserve to die-“

“You don’t get to make that call, Hannibal. You don’t get to decide.”

“So McKinnon was a good man, then? He was the one who gave Able Gideon the go ahead to enter the Fights. He’s the reason your friend Mr. Brown is being mistreated. He had the chance to end involuntary selection, but he refused. You were almost given to a stranger because of that.”

“And instead I was given to a serial killer. How many people have you killed?”

“A great many. I haven’t kept track of them all. More than are considered “Ripper victims” by your standards. You see the art in my work. You see the beauty in it.”

Will wanted to deny that. He wanted to rail and scream that he didn’t find dismembered corpses beautiful, but the truth was as Hannibal said. He did see the art. He saw the elevation of pigs into masterpieces. “I don’t know what to do,” Will confessed.

“I imagine that you cannot do nothing, so I will invite you to join me.”

“Join you?” Will laughed nervously. “I just found out that you’re the most wanted serial killer in America, and you want me to kill with you?”

“I’m going to kill Abel Gideon. He is next in my…what do you call them? Sounders? He is my next pig for slaughter. You can avenge your friend. You can turn the unworthy into art. I

want to see your design, Will."

"No," Will replied. Hannibal looked taken aback. "No, I am not going to kill with you." He stood up and put his wine on the table. "I am not going to kill with you. I am not going to mate with you. I am done, Hannibal."

"Will, please." Hannibal also stood, and blocked the Omega's path to the door. "Do not leave. Please do not leave me."

There was such vulnerability in Hannibal's voice that it caused Will to look up. He was able to read so much in his Alpha's eyes and it nearly brought him to his knees. Hannibal didn't understand. He had well and truly believed that Will understood him. He had thought that he had found his equal, his partner. Now he was scared, no, terrified, that he had been wrong and that Will was going to walk out of his life for good. Will wouldn't be his mate. Will wouldn't even be his friend. He would be alone. Again.

Will collapsed against Hannibal's chest. "No no no. I can't. I just can't, Hannibal. But I won't leave you alone. You can't be alone anymore. Neither can I. But this has to stop. I won't tell Jack, but you can't keep doing this."

"Oh, Will, my dearest," Hannibal squeezed the Omega tightly to his chest and stroked his hair. "I let you see me. I gave you this gift. I knew you were the only one who would understand."

"Promise me," Will insisted. "That's the courting gift I want. Promise me that you won't kill anymore."

"Will…."

The Omega pulled back and looked into his Alpha's eyes again. "This isn't a compulsion for you. I know you can stop. Will you stop, for me?"

Hannibal nodded slowly. "For you I will stop."

Will saw only honesty in his Alpha's eyes. The older man valued Will above anything else, that much was clear. Will was more important to him than his art. "Kill Abel Gideon, and then stop killing."

Hannibal's eyes widened and he kissed Will softly. "Yes," he murmured against the soft flesh.

Hannibal had been willing to give up killing right then in that moment. Something inside of him had shifted. The monster that lurked deep in his soul had roared "*William*" instead of *"Blood*." He had to have Will. His pigs could frolic for the rest of their lives. He would not kill them if it meant losing his one true mate. Will saw him. Will understood him. At least to an extent, Will accepted him.

But then Will caved. When his Omega had given him permission to kill Abel Gideon, Hannibal knew that he had been right about the exquisite darkness in Will's heart. He wasn't yet ready to embrace it, but it was there. Hannibal would bring it out of him. Until then, he could be patient. He would kill Abel Gideon and wait. "Come to bed, Dearest."

"Yes," Will sighed.

Hannibal had Will up the stairs and naked in two minutes flat. He could feel the tension bubbling in the air. They were equals, and Will was finally beginning to understand that. The Omega slipped his tongue into his Alpha's mouth to brush against his own, slowly and gently at first, but increasingly passionately as the seconds ticked on.

Hannibal finished undressing himself, dropping his pants and briefs, without breaking the kiss. He moaned and lightly bit Will's tongue when the younger man grabbed his erection in his warm hand and began to slide up and down. He tangled one hand in his Omega's hair, and grabbed his rapidly hardening cock with the other. For a while they stayed that way, kissing and jerking each other off. Then Will slipped away and down onto his knees.

Will had never given head before. He had never been with a man before. It wasn't hesitance that made him slow as he spread his lips and took the head of Hannibal's erection into his mouth; it was simply lack of know-how. He remembered what Hannibal had done for him though, and swirled his tongue around the flesh before moving his head down to take more into his mouth. He sucked. Hannibal moaned and clenched his hand in Will's curls. Will grinned and tried to take him father but gagged when the tip slid too far down the back of his throat.

Hannibal pulled back and hauled Will back to his feet. "I'm told that takes practice." His Omega led them backwards to the bed and spread himself out upon it. He tugged Hannibal down on top of him and the Alpha instinctively spread out to cover as much of his intended as possible. Both of their erections were trapped between their slickening skin, getting the most wonderful friction from how they moved against one another. If Hannibal thrust his hips down, Will's came up to meet him. The slide of skin on skin was wonderful. It made heat tighten in Hannibal's stomach, though he resisted the coil of it.

"Spread your legs, Dearest" He said into the side of Will's neck. His Omega complied promptly and Hannibal slipped two fingers into his dripping hole. His Omega gasped at the quick penetration and bucked his hips upwards to seek more friction. Hannibal murmured sweet nothings into his beloved's skin. He kissed along his neck, then upwards to play along his jaw. When he added a third finger he began lightly kissing all over Will's face. The Omega smiled and wriggled back onto his fingers.

It was maddening to feel his Omega fuck himself on his fingers. With a peck on his lips Hannibal removed the digits, earning a cry from is partner, and used the slick coating them to coat himself. Will's impatience quickly got the better of him. He grabbed his Alpha's cock and lined it up at his entrance, then began pushing himself forward onto the head. Hannibal growled low in his chest and thrust forward. He speared Will entirely upon his length in one quick movement.

This time they faced each other, and Will met Hannibal's eyes for every moment that they were open. This time he didn't see the stag-man mounting him. He only saw Hannibal. He saw the Alpha who was quite clearly madly in love with him, driving into him again and again. His hips canted upwards involuntarily and Hannibal moaned. Will could hear himself making all kinds of needy noises, but they didn't completely register in his mind. He was being pushed off a ledge with each thrust of his Alpha's hips, and he wanted nothing more than to be driven into that oblivion.

As ever, Hannibal was happy to oblige. Will realized he must have been saying "Harder, harder," because his Alpha was nearly slamming into him now. He could feel the knot starting to form and catch on his entrance. Hannibal had been so very polite last time, and not knotted him. This time, Will craved that knot. When the knot hit the largest it could get with Hannibal outside of his Rut, Will wrapped his legs around his Alpha's back and pulled him in. He whined as the knot stretched him painfully, but his orgasm was immediate once it was inside.

The pulsating of his inner walls drove Hannibal into his orgasm as well, and he coated the insides of his Omega with thick cum that was held in place, temporarily at least, by the knot. With Will on his stomach, Hannibal couldn't fully lay on top of him when knotted, so he began shifting them around in order to spoon his Omega from behind. He reached behind him for one of the superfluous pillows on the bed, pulled off the case, and used it to wipe Will's cum off of his stomach. "We'll only be knotted for a few minutes. After it deflates I'll go and get a wash cloth."

"Don't you dare," Will growled. "You're not getting up. The pillow case is fine." The Omega snuggled back into his Alpha's arms. "Stay with me."

"Of course, Dearest," Hannibal agreed and tightened his grip on the precious man in front of him. "Whatever you want."

The Best Day of Hannibal's Life

Chapter Notes

Sorry about this taking so long to get out. Moving threw off my entire life (and damaged my laptop). With that, working on my writing sample, studying for my GRE (why was I a fool in school for taking Geometry instead of Algebra), and my boss deciding that she is going to get every ounce of work out of my before I abandon the crazy ship, fan fiction had to take a back seat. I know, it isn't fair, but none of the stories I'm reading have been updated either. Looking right at you, OnWednesdaysWeStudyInPink. Stop torturing me and torture Will some more!

I hope the length and content of this chapter make up for its delay in coming (and how bad my last chapter was). And yes, I do totally call out Bryan Fuller -Brian Fulmer- for his lack of procedural knowledge on a show billed as a procedural. Hire a consultant, dude!

Also, sorry to anyone who made the mistake of liking Matthew Brown. You ought to have known better.

And now, without further ado, I present "The Best Day of Hannibal's Life."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had come to quite frequently wonder if he should feel guilty about his new found happiness. A normal person certainly would, but he couldn't muster up any guilt. Maybe Hannibal was right; maybe Will was just like him. The idea wasn't as terribly frightening as it should have been. Maybe that's how he had ended up elbow-deep in another man's chest cavity.

After Hannibal had revealed himself fully to Will it had made the Omega very uncomfortable at first –not because he was bothered by his Alpha's true nature, but because he wasn't bothered at all. The initial shock had worn off and a deep seated contentment had taken its place. A warm glow had settled in the Omega's chest, and he was starting to embrace it.

Hannibal, it seemed, had never been happier. Will could understand that pretty easily. He had finally found someone who was intelligent enough to learn what he was, someone who accepted his deviation from societal norms, someone who saw his art. Hannibal had been gifted with true understanding from Will, and he was walking on air.

The Alpha had finished his sounder out by the end of the week. His second victim had been a police officer who was always an asshole to Will when they worked crime scenes together. Hannibal had removed most of his organs and then tied him to an ash tree and caught him on

fire; an offering to his god. The third had been Will's freshman year science teacher who had made a very inappropriate pass at him. That one was rather unartistic –Hannibal cut his penis and testicles off, shoved them in his mouth, and crucified him upside down outside of the church where he was now a youth leader, oddly enough in West Virginia. (He had apparently moved to cover up his crimes.)

Jack was running around like a chicken with his head cut off. Will had told him again and again that it was getting harder to see the Ripper, that he couldn't help anymore. Truthfully he had never seen the Ripper more clearly. Will could see how each and every Ripper kill tied to Hannibal perfectly. They were no longer just completely random slayings of an intelligent psychopath. They had a meaning, a purpose. They were art. And Will was a part of that art. Will was Hannibal's muse now. Muse, audience, and critic; Will was everything to Hannibal's artistic sensibilities. Hannibal made sure Will knew he was appreciated.

Will's kitchen had been fully renovated in the two months since he had learned that his Alpha was the Ripper. All but three of his dogs had found new homes, and they were being taken care of by Hannibal's dog sitting service on the nights the Omega spent in Baltimore. Somehow he slept at his Alpha's house nearly as much as he slept at his own. Hannibal was gently nudging Will to just move in with him already, but he resisted, despite the promise that his house would still be waiting for him in nine months just in case he didn't choose Hannibal.

That was seeming increasingly unlikely to Will as Hannibal courted him more and more persuasively, but he still wasn't ready to just give in and say that he would be Hannibal's mate. The Omega side of his brain –which he found himself listening to more and more now- was telling him to draw out the courtship. Hannibal had promised him a year; he needed to be sure that the Alpha would make good on that promise. That evil little part of his brain also wanted to see how far Hannibal would go once he got desperate. The rational part of Will's mind abhorred this petty manipulation, but he still allowed it because it seemed like the Alpha part of Hannibal's mind was thoroughly enjoying the challenge.

Rare books detailing historical crime files had found their way onto Will's bookshelf. Hannibal had cleared out half of his home office and added another grand desk and comfortable chair, making a space for Will. He had also –grudgingly- adopted a microwave, though it had to stay in a cabinet when not in use. Gone entirely was Will's old wardrobe. Hannibal had kept Will's preferences in mind when shopping, but everything had been upgraded. Instead of ill-fitting flannel shirts, Will now had luxurious cashmere and hand-wrought wool sweaters. He had more button ups than he had ever had in his life, and they were all the softest cotton. He had polos and slacks and $500 pairs of jeans, loafers, expensive Nike's, warm winter books, and even Oxfords.

With the exception of one Calvin Klein parka that Hannibal had bought him, all of his coats were the fashionable wool double breasted trench and pea coats that Hannibal favored. They were surprisingly warm with their fleece lining that felt delightful those times he had tried them on without anything under them. His gloves were kidskin and lined in fleece, he was pretty sure he had a pair of velvet socks, and Hannibal had allowed him to keep his preferred knit caps, so long as they were up to Hannibal's standards…. Which they were not, so they all got donated to a homeless shelter and Hannibal bought him new ones.

Will had suits now, too. He had five suits, and one of them was a very subtle plaid. He had yet to wear it, but he was sure his Alpha was patting himself on the back over it even being in his closet. He also had two "different" tuxedos that he couldn't tell apart, except that with one of them he was apparently intended to wear one of the seven silk waistcoats that had come along with it. He had silk ties galore, in every Hannibal-approved color of the rainbow. He had sport coats and dinner jackets and watches and vests and sweater vests and when he went and bought another flannel shirt, it disappeared before he got the chance to wear it. He was only allowed flannel pajamas, and those only after he explained to Hannibal that he got cold when he went sleepwalking on winter nights. All the rest of his pajamas were silk or satin, whatever the difference was. They went really well with the fluffy robe Hannibal had gotten him while he was in the Omega care clinic, and the three he had gotten his Omega since.

Gone were Will's cheap Teflon coated pots and pans. He had proper stainless steel now, the highest quality money could buy. He had chef's knives too, because Hannibal didn't like the ones he had gotten at Walmart. His bed was memory foam and his sheets were satin. Even his shower curtain had been replaced by his spending-happy suitor. Hannibal had sunk a great deal of time and money into making sure that Will had the absolute best of everything, and the Omega had never felt more well taken care of in his life.

The last true bits of reticence were only two: Will didn't want to give up his independence, and he wanted to know if Hannibal was right about the darkness within him. It was seeming less and less likely that Hannibal was going to tie Will to his bed, naked and only eating from his Alpha's hand. He clearly understood that Will needed freedom and purpose. It was something they discussed at length during their "sessions," which were even more unofficial than ever before. Hannibal was trying to convince a retired psychiatrist to take Will on, but Will was happy with Hannibal staying as his shrink. No one knew him better.

That admission made him wonder if Hannibal was right, if Will really did have murderous potential. He had felt good killing Garret Jacob Hobbs. He had felt righteous. He knew that Hannibal felt righteous when he killed –he could read it in the bodies. Hannibal was more than a man, and those he killed were less than human. He had promised Will that there was darkness in his heart, that he had Hannibal's own artistic potential, and part of Will was starting to believe him. He had given Hannibal permission to kill Abel Gideon (which he hadn't done yet, to Will's disappointment). He willingly ate human flesh when Hannibal prepared it for him. Will had enjoyed it; he *enjoyed* eating the pigs that Hannibal slaughtered. Part of him wanted to provide meat for Hannibal's table too.

Perhaps that was why he felt so guilty that he was letting Matthew Brown court him as well. The battered Omega had been persistent in his suit, intent that he should be the one Will would spend the rest of his life with. He was still hesitant about it –it seemed like a betrayal of Hannibal's trust in him- but Matthew had convinced him that he shouldn't choose Hannibal if he didn't even have another suitor to compete against. How, if Will didn't have another suitor, would he *really* know that Hannibal was right for him? "This isn't just about what he can buy you, Will. What if there's someone better out there for you, and you don't even know it because he convinced you that you didn't even need to look?" Matthew never called Hannibal by his name. He seemed to have nothing but scorn for the psychiatrist, though Will attributed that to his troubles with Abel Gideon.

Dr. Gideon seemed to view Matthew as little more than a punching bag and a fucktoy. Three days before Hannibal's birthday he and Will met in the same café as they had on their first date (according to Matthew, it was a date) and he quietly confided in Will that his Heat was approaching. "I don't know what I'm going to do, Will. In about a week my Heat will be on and Abel will force me to mate with him."

"Omegas can deny the return bite, Matthew. He can't force you to complete the bond," Will had tried to reassure.

"It's not that easy!" Matthew hissed. "Have you ever been with an Alpha during Heat?" Will shook his head. He had always spent them alone. "I have. I was begging her the entire time to bite me, to mate me, to please, please, please take me. What little control we have in a Heat without an Alpha present is gone as soon as we're stuck with one during it. I'll not only mate with Abel, but I'll beg him to do it to me."

There was no point Will could make, no comfort he could give, so he just nodded sadly and preened with the silent knowledge that he had attracted a far better mate. "It'll all be over in nine months," Matthew continued. "I'll get the courts to break our legal obligation. I already talked to my mom about it and she knows a sympathetic judge I'll only have to put up with it for a few months."

"What if you have kids?"

Matthew gaped at Will like he had just been punched. "No! No way am I having kids with that monster. I'm on birth control. If he makes me get off of that, I'll have a fucking abortion. There is no way I could subject an innocent kid to his abuse. He's a monster, Will. I'd take the kid and run, far away. In Switzerland if you can prove you had an abusive Alpha, they won't extradite. They'll let you stay, help you find a job, help you take care of the kid…." Matthew trailed off.

"I'm surprised you haven't already tried going there."

"I don't want to leave you," Matthew explained with a small smile. "You're the light in all this darkness, Will."

Will didn't really know how to respond to that; it reminded him too much of something Hannibal had said to him. They had been in Hannibal's kitchen as he flambéed some brain for their dinner, when out of nowhere Hannibal had mused "You are the light that illuminates my darkness, Dearest." He hadn't known what to say then either, so he had just settled for a smile. He did the same now.

"I wanted to give you this," Matthe reached into the large inner pocket of his jacket –the September nights were unseasonably cool- and pulled out a plainly wrapped package. Will took it in hand and carefully opened it. "I thought maybe historical crime files might be of interest to you," Matthew explained.

"They are, very much so. Thank you, Matthew." Will didn't have the heart to say that Hannibal had gotten him this very same book last month. When it came to presents, Matthew wasn't really able to compete with Hannibal. No one was. He had a seemingly never-ending

supply of money that he happily threw around in his courtship. It really wasn't Matthew's fault. Will had learned that Hannibal was in fact a Lithuanian Count, fully landed, with an inheritance larger than he could spend in one lifetime. In addition to that, he had all of the money he had made as a doctor, then as a psychiatrist, all of his properties, his investments, and his income properties. He had also won $7 million in a Powerball Lottery, just playing for fun. He also had exquisite taste –*And he chose you*, whispered the very Omegan part of his brain. "Shut up."

"What?" Matthew asked, confused.

"I was talking to my own brain, sorry."

"You don't like the book?"

"What? No, I do! I was talking to myself about, um, how to help you and none of my ideas were very good. I'm worried about you, Matthew."

Matthew gave a small smile and reached for Will's hand. Squeezing it, he replied "Let's go for a walk and talk about something else." They had parted ways after walking the National Mall for an hour, saying their farewells until they would meet at Hannibal's birthday party.

Mrs. Ellen Komeda was a very good friend of Hannibal's. He had liked his fellow Alpha from the moment he had met her and he respected her intelligence, intuition, and good taste. She also really liked Will, which only increased Hannibal's opinion of her. She had insisted that they properly celebrate his 45th birthday and so he and Will drove over to her lovely house in Edgemere, right on the river. Her yacht was out, festooned with brightly colored lights that somehow managed to be charming, rather than tacky. Tasteful music played from the loudspeakers as the guests boarded, ready for a night on the water.

So that Will would be more comfortable, he had asked Ellen to invite Alana Bloom and Beverly Katz. He knew that his Omega would prefer to socialize with people he already knew, and Alana and Beverly were both adept at acting as buffers for Will. He also knew that the relationship between Alana and Beverly would ruffle some feathers, and he was curious to see what would happen if they let their guard down for the night.

Unfortunately, he had also allowed Will to convince him to invite Abel Gideon and Matthew Brown; "It'll give Matthew a night off," he had insisted. Contrary to popular belief, Hannibal had not refrained from participating in Gideon's psychological evaluations out of any sort of friendship; he simply knew that the other Alpha's mind was too mundane to bother with. And then there was Matthew Brown, who would die as soon as Hannibal could make it look like he had nothing to do with it. Normally he wouldn't care if Will associated him with a murder, but killing one of his Omega's friends would surely put a damper on their budding relationship.

Tonight he intended to introduce Will as his partner –a term generally used by mutually courting Alpha/Omega pairs. All of Baltimore's upper echelons would see that Will was his. That damn Matthew Brown would also see that Will was his, when Will didn't correct Hannibal. They had discussed it in the car. Will was fine with being Hannibal's "partner." He was, after all, being willingly courted and he was giving due consideration to his Alpha's suit. Tonight everyone would see that he was Hannibal's, and that he would never be Matthew's, so the other Omega may as well drop his own courtship immediately.

"Hannibal?" Will had one hand clenched on his own knee, one on the Bentley's handle. Hannibal had expected him to radiate discomfort and anxiety, but Will looked excited.

"Yes, Dearest?"

"You didn't say this was going to be on a boat." His precious William sounded like a kid in a candy store. The Omega loved boats. His father had worked on boats throughout his entire childhood, and he had grown up on their decks. He stroked Will's curls gently and smiled at the beautiful picture he made.

"Ellen is rather fond of her yacht. She brings it out when she can."

"…Ellen?"

"Mrs. Komeda. The woman throwing the party tonight."

"Right."

"Would you like to go get a closer look, Dearest?"

Will just smiled and got out of the car. Hannibal followed and offered his partner his arm. Will stared at him for a moment, trying to decide if he wanted to be a strong, independent Omega who didn't need no Alpha, but conceded to the gesture and took his Alpha's arm. Hannibal smiled at him and led the way to where Ellen was standing with her mate, Thomas. "Are we ready to cast off?" Hannibal joked jovially.

Ellen smiled. "You two are the last we were waiting for. It's not like you to be fashionably late, Hannibal."

"That was my fault," Will explained. "I had to work later than I had expected and so I was late getting to Baltimore."

Hannibal nodded. "But the FBI can hardly be brushed off. I'm sure you both know that Will profiles for the Behavioral Analysis Unit."

"Very important work," Thomas Komeda agreed. "It's not like the party could start without the guest of honor anyway. I don't suppose you can be late to your own party." The quartet boarded the yacht as they spoke and the full party on deck came into view. On the quarterdeck was the assembled company; various dignitaries, doctors, art lovers, artists, novelists, and other interesting people who were part of the same social circle in which Hannibal ran. Mrs. Komeda had taken into account that Hannibal liked to be surrounded by

not only patrons of the arts, but by the artists themselves. There were several members of various ballet companies, musical ensembles, theater troupes, and the Baltimore Opera.

Standing next to Alana Bloom and Beverly Katz was Sharon Green, the watercolor artist from whom Hannibal had commissioned a piece for Alana's birthday. They were enthusiastically discussing the piece –a fall scene of swirling leaves in beautiful colors. Will had been searching all over for an appropriate gift in the days before her lively party, only to end up in one of Hannibal's favorite D.C. antique stores, where he bought a beautiful painted silk scarf in the same fall theme. She wore the scarf tonight, which Hannibal could see Will was pleased by once he noticed.

Jack and Bella Crawford were absent. Hannibal had extended the invitation more for Bella's part –he had invited an excellent Oncologist to whom he had hoped to introduce her- but with this new serial killer turning his victims into angels, Jack had been forced to decline due to workload. Bella was feeling unwell.

Hannibal led Will down to greet the assembled guests, to everyone introducing him as his partner. The Lithuanian ambassador, who was actually an old family friend, congratulated him cheerfully and finally stopped pushing his young Omega daughter forward. The Chairman of the Lyric Opera House said Will was a delight and also finally stopped pushing his Omega child forward. It made for a much nicer evening.

For nearly an hour they mingled among the guests. Well Hannibal mingled; Will mostly tried to hide behind the solid Hannibal-Beverly wall that the two Alphas provided him with once Ms. Katz and Alana came to join them. Hannibal was very successful at keeping Will away from Matthew Brown because of Ms. Katz's presence. Abel Gideon did not approve of Alpha/Beta relationships. Hannibal was starting to like Ms. Katz more and more.

Supper was called and bœuf bourguignon was served with a flourish. It was one of Hannibal's favorite dishes, though he thought Ellen had rather missed an opportunity to serve some nice seafood while they cruised in between Maryland and Delaware. Dinner conversation was mostly about the upcoming winter shows at the Meyerhoff and the Lyric Opera House. Hannibal watched quite contentedly as Matthew Brown -seated across the table and three seats down from Will- kept trying to catch his Omega's attention, while Will ignored him in favor of discussing procedural errors with crime novelist and newly minted television writer Brian Fulmer. "Your female lab tech really needs to have her hair back; she's contaminating the evidence every time her hair falls over the corpse. I get that you have to shove that she's a competent, capable female lab tech, but that would get a real tech fired pretty quickly." Beverly Katz quickly added her assent and volunteered if he need anyone to come on set and show him a few things. Alana, seated on Will's left, informed Hannibal that "Bev" was just trying to get on the set of her favorite show.

The evening was domestic bliss at its finest for Hannibal. He couldn't remember ever having a better birthday; not even the year his parents had informed him that he was getting a baby sister was better than this. The meal topped off with a masterfully made croquembouche, champagne, and Abel Gideon none-too-lightly stabbing Matthew Brown in the hand with his fork, as his attempts to catch Will's attention became too flagrant.

The evening ended with some dancing, during which time many of the musicians who had been invited to the party agreed to play pieces with the musicians hired for the party. Will was not particularly comfortable with dancing, despite Hannibal insistently teaching him the waltz, the foxtrot, and a beginner's Rhumba. Hannibal danced first with Mrs. Komeda, as the night's hostess, then with Alana, and a quick succession of others throughout the night. As the ship began to turn back to harbor and the musicians announced that this would be the last dance, he received the best surprise of the night.

Will had quietly crept towards the stage and as the violinist who led the company announced that there was only one more dance, he made his request. "Can you play one more waltz, please? Something simple? I think I should dance with my Alpha at least once on his birthday." They were happy to oblige and Will walked to Hannibal in the middle of the dance floor, head held high as every single person aboard the yacht watched. "May I have this dance?"

Hannibal thought he might never stop smiling. The music began and he took his Omega's hand. As the symphony wound crystal clear through the sea air, he and Will melded together in a dance that Hannibal thought should never end. After all, how could he ever be happier than he was right then? Others joined the dance around them and the swaying waltz guided the ship back across the dancing waves. Had Hannibal ever once looked up from Will's dazzling blue eyes, he would have seen the jealousy and hurt in Matthew Brown's, or the angry loathing in Abel Gideon's, but he couldn't look away from his beautiful Omega.

"I love you, Hannibal," Will murmured, so close to his Alpha's lips that Hannibal could feel the words ghost across them. No, he could never be happier than he was at this moment.

"And I love you, Will."

"You told me once that I am the light that illuminates your darkness," Will was choosing his words carefully.

"You are, my beloved."

"But you also said that I have darkness in my heart."

"Such a beautiful darkness, dear one. You are the exquisite combination of darkness and light. You are everything." The waltz was drawing to an end. Will laid his head on Hannibal's shoulder as they swayed through the final steps.

"I want you to show me." Will turned his head and kissed the side of Hannibal's neck. "Show me the darkness. I want to see it. I want to *feel* it. I need to know that you and I are truly alike. I need to know that you are my one true mate."

"Yes," Hannibal whispered into Will's curls as the music ended. He pulled back and kissed his Omega as the others applauded the music. "I can show you. You will finally see yourself in all of the glory that I see. You will see that we are right for each other. We are equals. We are one."

Breaking into Dr. Gideon's home was easier than Will would have thought. He was more concerned with keeping Matthew in than he was with keeping other people out. Hannibal gave a drunk Abel a shot to paralyze his vocal cords, woke him up, and then broke his neck while Matthew slept, chained to the bed next to him. The couple pulled the mad doctor out of bed and down to the living room, making as little noise as possible as to not wake the sleeping Omega. Will wanted to leave him alive; Hannibal said that was only possible if he didn't see them.

Will was still coping with the awkward restriction of the plastic suit Hannibal had given him when they had driven to his home after the party. They laid the man out on his coffee table while he glared at them, his gaze seeming to say "I knew it." Hannibal opened his tool kit and began to carefully lay out what Will would need. "Create your art, Will," He said.

Will examined Dr. Gideon like a sculptor examined his marble. First he stripped off Gideon's clothes and threw them on the couch. Hannibal took the armchair, content to watch his dearest work. Will selected one of the large scalpels from the bunch. "That is for making large, deep incisions," Hannibal explained. "It's precise, but not as precise as the smaller ones."

"Would this work for cutting open his torso, to get to his insides?" Will inquired. Dr. Gideon suddenly didn't look as resigned to his fate. Had he been capable of movement, he would have been struggling.

"That's what it's for," Hannibal smiled. Will looked so beautiful, as he took the shining blade and made one long, graceful slice from Gideon's clavicle down to his pelvis. The Omega was glowing in the moonlight that he worked by.

"I don't want him to die yet. He doesn't deserve that." Blood was welling up and trickling down Gideon's sides.

"Remove non-vital things. I have respirator and paddles; we can do this for hours before shock and blood loss take him."

"Good," Will started making horizontal cuts, three on either side of the primary cut, as far back as he could reach. He then pulled the skin back. "This is disgusting and beautiful all at the same time. He is disgusting, but he won't be for long."

"You will elevate him," Hannibal encouraged from his seat. Will began slicing through muscle to take Gideon's non-vital organs. He removed his appendix first, and tossed it in the fireplace.

"This meat isn't good enough for our table." Gideon looked alarmed. "What cuts would you like, Darlin'?"

“I can never have too many kidneys. Perhaps take his lungs too? And some musculature from his legs. You’ll need the bone saw for that.”

Will put down his scalpel and picked up the bone saw. Hannibal had to show him the proper technique, but he was able to get several nice portions out of each leg. Hannibal sat back down after he staunched the bleeding –not wanting Gideon to die- and showed Will how to break open the doctor’s rib cage. The sound of breaking bones was loud in the silence around them. Will cut out the presented lungs and passed them over to Hannibal to be packaged. He removed the kidneys next, and handed those over too.

“We have our meat, Will. Now show me your art. Elevate him. Give him meaning for once in his worthless life.

“He is Paris,” Will growled. “He took by force an unwilling Omega and drew the wrath of Achilles and Patroclus. But we have ended this rather than let it become a war.”

“Regrettably we cannot tie him behind the Bentley and drag him down the highway, rather as Achilles did to the far more honorable Hector. He will have to be wrapped in a tarp and concealed for transport.”

“That’s fine. We can drag him from there. I want to leave him somewhere out in the open, where everyone can see the payment for his cruelty.”

“May I make a suggestion?”

“Of course, Darlin’.”

“I attended the funeral of his first Omega, Katherine. I was actually the one who convinced her brother to insist that she be buried as Katherine Clement, rather than Katherine Gideon. A few yards away from where she and her parents are buried, there is a large stone bench erected in memory of several unknown Omegas killed by an Alpha in the early ‘60s. We can leave him there, as a proper tribute to the murdered Omegas.”

“Poignant,” Will agreed, and reached for the first tarp, to begin wrapping the body. As he turned, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Matthew staring at them. “Shit.”

Hannibal followed his gaze. “Mr. Brown, good evening.”

“I can’t believe it,” Matthew stuttered. “You killed him.” He rushed forward and threw himself between Hannibal and Will. The Alpha realized that Gideon must have left the key to the cuff that had bound his Omega to the bed close enough for him to reach. “You’re a psycho! Will, I told you. I told you that you couldn’t trust him.”

“Matthew I’m the one who killed Dr. Gideon,” Will said calmly.

“Only because he made you do it!”

“No, Hannibal didn’t make me do anything. I wanted to kill him.”

“Will,” Hannibal interrupted. “I’m afraid this changes things.” Will looked incredibly sad.

“What, are you going to kill me too?” Matthew challenged. “I won’t make it easy for you. The police will find you.”

“Will he’s a danger to us. You have to kill him, there is no other way.”

“We can leave, Will,” Matthew countered, looking back at his fellow Omega. “You and me, we can turn this whackjob in and run. He’ll be in prison and we can go somewhere where Omegas are allowed to be together. Switzerland, remember?”

“The choice is yours, Will,” Hannibal was forcing himself to remain calm. He wanted to kill the little upstart himself, but he couldn’t do that. It had to be Will.

“You don’t need to kill me Will,” Matthew pled. “We can be together.”

“Oh Matthew,” Will took a few steps forward and put his hand on Matthew’s cheek. The other Omega visibly relaxed. Hannibal forced back the rising tide of betrayal. He would eat Will’s heart raw and lay down beside him to die as well. “Matthew, I made my choice.” He stabbed the Omega with the scalpel he had been concealing, dragging it down to open up his insides. “I chose Hannibal. I choose Hannibal. He is my one true mate. He sees me, and I see him. You can’t see.” He shook his head as the betrayed man sank to his knees. “I wish you would have just stayed upstairs.

“He isn’t a danger to us anymore, Darlin’.” Will purred. “We’re safe. We can be together.”

Hannibal had never loved Will more than he had at that moment. His beautiful Omega had killed for art, showing the darkness inside of him, and then killed again to protect their secret from the world. Equals. They truly were equals. Will would kill for Hannibal every bit as easily as Hannibal would kill for Will. And Will could now see his own darkness, as well as his light. “We will be together,” Hannibal confirmed, and stalked forward to kiss his Omega passionately. He would have taken him right then and there, but there was the issue of bodily fluids implicating them, and they needed to dispose of these bodies before anyone noticed. Their coupling would have to wait.

Abel Gideon, as discussed, was posed atop the stone bench in the cemetery where the Omega he had murdered now rested. He was posed to face the graves of her and her parents, also cruelly killed at his hand, and grovel before them for a forgiveness he did not deserve. Will plucked wisterias –the Omegean funeral flower- from a nearby tree and pushed them into the doctor’s hand, forcing him to offer them to his late mate.

Matthew Brown was not put on display. He was not shamed in front of the world. The couple carried him to a mausoleum in the historical section of the cemetery, opened one of the unsealed vaults, and placed him inside. The whole world would think he had run away from whomever had killed his Alpha, and that he would just be in hiding for the rest of his life.

Matthew Brown would cease to exist in a few short months, and Hannibal was fine with that. He doubted Will would even really mourn him; he had been a threat to Hannibal.

They stripped off their plastic suits and put them in the trunk, with the tarp that would be cleaned and then disposed of when they got home. It was now approximately seven thirty A.M. so Hannibal decided they should make a pitstop before heading home. They had both been up for nearly 24 straight hours. Hannibal wanted coffee. Will knew that he would be getting a phone call from Jack in a few hours, so he figured coffee was a good idea.

The elegant, organic, fair-trade café where they stopped for lattes was warm and inviting in its shades of brown and cream. Will munched on a triple chocolate muffin –"Do all organic things taste like dirt?"- while Hannibal had his customary croissants. They ate in silence, both just basking in the strange afterglow of what they had just done. It had been incredibly intimate, in Hannibal's opinion.

"Oh hey," Will reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a small wrapped package. "I forgot to give you this at the party." He offered it to Hannibal, who took it happily. He recognized the wrapping paper –matte black with satiny black scroll work- from his favorite antique store in D.C. He carefully peeled off the wrapping paper without tearing it, to get to the black velvet box inside. It reminded him of a ring box, though he doubted that was what it contained.

Hannibal revealed himself to be correct when he opened the box to reveal a stunning pair of cufflinks. Obviously antique, they were large smoky quartz stones in a gold filigree setting. They were exactly the sort of thing he would have chosen for himself. "Dearest, you have exquisite taste. I love them."

Will grinned. "I'm glad you do. I thought of you as soon as I saw them."

Hannibal sighed contentedly. "I love you."

"I love you too," Will confirmed. "And I'm not waiting a year for you. My Heat is coming up, you know. Now that I've been off of blockers for three months, it could come back at any time. When it does, I want you to mate with me. You are my one true mate, Hannibal. We will be together."

Hannibal couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You are certain, Will? I promised you a year."

"You proved yourself to me in less than that. I'm impressed. I want you, Hannibal. I love you. We're compatible, we understand each other, we can see each other, and you brought out something in me that I refused to see by myself. We're mates, Darlin'."

"Yes we are, Dearest. You bring out the best in me, you know. You are greater than all nine of the muses. I will continue to court you, however." Before Will could argue, Hannibal continued. "There is nothing good in this world that you do not deserve, Will. You are the very best this world has to offer, and so I will continue to give you the best that the world has to offer you back. A true Alpha never stops courting his Omega."

Will gave him the biggest grin and didn't push the issue. He did, however, push back his chair and stand. "Come on. If we start now, we might be able to move some of my stuff in before Jack calls."

"Move your stuff…?" Hannibal inquired.

"Into your house. I'm moving in. If I have to deal with what will likely be the worst Heat of my life, I would like to be fully nested before it begins. That means we need to get all of my stuff over as soon as possible, find homes for the remaining dogs except for Winston, and start trying to sell my 'upgraded farmhouse in the middle of nowhere' as you called it last week."

Hannibal stood, dropped a tip on the table, and offered Will his arm. His Omega didn't hesitate this time. "Alright then, let's go."

Hannibal had thought, dancing with Will on Mrs. Komeda's yacht last night that he couldn't be happier. It seemed, as he had underestimated Will, that he was mistaken.

Chapter End Notes

And then Hannibal woke up.

Obsessive Cannibal Noises

Chapter Notes

I'm back! I'd make excuses, but I doubt you want to hear them. They aren't very good anyway. Please do accept my apologies. I really didn't intend to go this long without updating.

Okay so this is the penultimate chapter in this arc. The next arc is the last arc. After that, I have a few more ideas -like 1950s Omega!Hannibal, Warlord!Hannibal, and God-o-Death!Hannibal- but nothing else will be in this story. As for the final arc...It'll be the longest by far. Crazy, possessive, Alpha-stealing Abigail Hobbs and MPreg. Also Mason and Margot Verger were supposed to appear in this arc, but they come in the next one instead. There will be a lot of death in the next arc, I hope you like it. Imagine crazy, pregnant Will when some two-bit Omega tramp is trying to make moves on Hannibal. Oh yeah, there will be blood.

When Hannibal read about someone who claimed that things seemed more beautiful after finding the love of their life, he had always assumed it was just a literary trope. He hadn't understood that colors did seem brighter, certain scents more appealing, food more delicious. Will had taught him that all of that nonsense was true, and it was wonderful.

Killing Abel Gideon and Matthew Brown had brought the soon-to-be mates much closer together. Hannibal couldn't see a single part of his life that wasn't improved. Will was more confident and comfortable; he was sleeping through the night (at Hannibal's side) and his hallucinations had all but stopped. He still claimed to see the stag that he said represented Hannibal, but the Alpha was fine with that, as it made Will happy to see it.

Jack Crawford was chasing his tail over Gideon's murder. He was determined to see that it was the Ripper, but evidence pointed to an imitator. "Not an imitator," Hannibal had prodded with silent glee. "This is an independent kill."

"A tribute, perhaps?" Will had supplied.

"This is an admirer of the Ripper's," Hannibal agreed.

"So what, is there some insane Omega attempting to court the Ripper through killing?" Jack had almost yelled.

"Do we know it's an Omega?" Beverly had questioned. "Look I'm sure they're just as capable of murder as Alphas or Betas, but statistics have them as the lowest ranked gender for perpetrating crime for a reason."

“It might be an Alpha or a Beta looking to hook up with the Ripper,” Zeller said. “It’s not like it doesn’t happen.” He made a disgusted noise, which earned him glares from several people in the room. He knew about Beverly and Alana; he did not approve. No one cared for his approval.

“Is there any information on the whereabouts of his Omega?” Jack snapped.

“Matthew’s gone,” Will said simply.

“I cannot say that I blame him for taking the opportunity to leave,” Hannibal concurred. “Abel Gideon was a foul man. Anyone could see that he was abusive.”

Jack sighed and shook his head. “Is it bad that I almost don’t care that he’s dead? I don’t. I don’t care that he’s dead.” Silence reigned for a few moments, before Jack got his bluster back. “What I do care about is that some crazy-ass Ripper fanboy is going around killing people to get a date! I want this solved!”

“If this new admirer is as good as the Ripper, we won’t find anything,” Beverly said.

“Then we had better hope that this new killer sucks,” Price spoke up for the first time. Hannibal thought that, if they weren’t actively hunting for him, and now for Will, even without knowing it, he might rather like the team of lab techs. Beverly Katz was certainly charming enough, and Will liked her. Perhaps he should have her and Alana around for dinner soon.

For all of the fear over Will’s mental state, no one even considered the possibility that he was the murderer they sought, which suited Hannibal just fine. They couldn’t see what truly lurked in his heart; Hannibal was the only one who got to revel in that darkness. Every possessive ounce of his being rejoiced in that knowledge as he drove Will back to their nest.

It was hard to think of it as a house now, with Will making it feel like so much more than an empty building. When an Omega moved in with their Alpha and began making their new house comfortable, it was called nesting. As Will progressed closer to his impending Heat, he nested more and more. It had been subtle at first, but Hannibal was certain that Will would change nearly everything as his heat approached. And, were he to eventually become pregnant, he would rearrange Hannibal’s entire life preparing for that child.

It made Hannibal shiver with delight. Will was so close to him, so comfortable. He felt that he possessed Will and was possessed in return. His Omega had no problem making himself comfortable and happy in Hannibal’s life –making his space into their space, marking his territory. Every stupid cliché he had ever rolled his eyes at about meeting the love of his life… every one of them was coming true, and he was thrilled. Part of him wanted to kill over being made to feel this way about something as banal as mating, but that part of him was quickly brought into the happy fold of the rest of his mind. It was easy to soothe the beast because this was *Will*. He hadn’t decided to mate with a vapid bimbo, he wasn’t losing his mind over a lesser creature. *Will* was making him feel this way, and every bit of his being rejoiced.

Will, for his part, seemed happy too, which was the most important thing. He actually seemed to enjoy Hannibal's near obsession with him. "It makes me feel loved," He had quietly confided one night. "Your possessiveness, and how far you would go to make me happy," Will whispered into Hannibal's mouth as he rocked on his Alpha's lap. "It makes me feel cherished. Adored."

That, apparently, had become Hannibal's goal in life, and so he continued to obsess. Every detail of his life was meticulously planned for Will's greatest comfort and happiness. He would soon be shutting down his practice –it wasn't as if he needed the money- so that he could devote himself full time to his beloved. He would prepare Will's ever meal, tend to his every whim. His Omega would want for nothing, and he would never, ever leave Hannibal.

There was a little nagging voice in the back of Hannibal's head, telling him that Will would leave him. No matter how he tried to kill it, no matter how he reassured himself, part of him refused to believe that he would ever be allowed to truly be this happy. He was a cannibalistic serial killer; Will's job was to catch those such as him. Will would eventually leave him, turn him in. It would be the leaving that would hurt. It would kill Hannibal, to lose his beloved, and so he would do everything to make sure that Will would stay.

Will rolled his eyes, but accepted the elaborate gifts and overbearing attention with a great deal of grace. He had insisted upon remaining employed with the FBI for the time being. His primary concern was keeping the BAU team off of his and Hannibal's tail, which he could best do by diverting them and looking like the good little Omega crimesolver Jack wanted him to be. He had found homes for all of his dogs except for Winston, sold his house, and moved permanently into Hannibal's house, now their home. What he didn't know was that Hannibal had been the one to buy his house. He wanted his Omega to have a retreat outside of the city. It was being renovated, and would be returned to Will when it was finished. For now, Will was happy with their Baltimore home.

Will led the way inside once he and Hannibal made it home from Quantico. It was an unfortunately long drive, but one that he had to deal with to keep his job. It was a necessary sacrifice to protect his Alpha. He loved Hannibal. He would do anything to protect him.

Hannibal, however, had gone off the deep end. He was quitting his practice to devote himself to…well…Will. He was flattered; the Omegan part of his brain was exultant. The practical part of his brain was worried about Hannibal. He knew that his Alpha had a possessive nature and the potential for extreme obsession and he wasn't sure that he could be the object of that obsession. It would be intense.

Hannibal was intense. He needed something to divert his focus from one singular aspect of his life. Now that Will had joined him in his Ripper activities, killing could no longer serve as his diversion. It was another bonding activity. Will loved that Hannibal wanted to spend every second of the rest of their lives together, but he would kill someone if that actually happened. Hannibal needed to keep his practice for Will's sanity and his own. Really, what did he plan to do when Will was at work?

Will understood exactly why Hannibal was falling so quickly into obsession. His empathy had revealed a great deal about his Alpha, and it made everything so clear. Hannibal had been alone for most of his life. Ever since the day he had lost Mischa, he had been alone. There had been some moments of companionship –he had mentioned his Aunt, Lady Murasaki- but he had been almost entirely solitary. He presented a face to the world but it was just that, a face. He had been alone until he found Will, and now he was afraid that he was going to lose his Omega and be alone again, forever.

Will tried to show him that it would never happen, that he would never leave, but Hannibal couldn't seem to quite shake his fear. The most comforting thing Will did, it seemed, was nest. It made his Alpha very happy to see how he was taking over his house and making it *their* house in preparation for his upcoming Heat. Hannibal said it was soothing. As soon as Hannibal opened the door for him, he started again.

Will kicked off his shoes and left them next to the coat closet. He kept them neat, but it was a visual reminder that he lived here too. He saw Hannibal's small smile before the Alpha disappeared into the kitchen. The gradually growing itch under his skin screamed at him to claim his Alpha's space as his own and make sure that every damn Omega that ever entered the house knew that Hannibal was his; and that every damn Alpha knew that he was Hannibal's.

With that thought he flounced up the stairs to the third floor, where the master suite was. When Hannibal had bought the house, he had had the third floor gutted and turned into one gigantic master suite complete with a bedroom, en suite bathroom, library, and sitting room with a balcony. It also had the only entrance to the attic that he had converted into his studio. Just like when he had rearranged his office to make room for Will, he had also set up a space for his Omega in his studio and filled it with fly fishing materials. It was charming, really.

Will dropped his jacket on the bed, and his button up with it. Hannibal didn't mind him leaving clothes everywhere. It was just another reminder for him that Will was there. The Omega shrugged out of his undershirt and left it on the floor, before going into Hannibal's cavernous closet and selecting a burgundy number from amongst Hannibal's cashmere sweaters. Sure he had dozens of his own, but none of those could ever match up to wearing something so infused with his Alpha's scent.

While he was in there, Will spent about ten minutes gleefully scent marking Hannibal's favorite suits. Then he did his ties. And just because he knew it would make his Alpha horny, he scent marked his boxer briefs as well. He had been scenting all of Hannibal's laundry for the past few days, making sure that anyone who came close to his Alpha could smell his pheromones all over the doctor. It wasn't as if Hannibal hadn't been doing the same thing.

Will emerged from the closet and listened to the muted clank of pots and pans downstairs. Hannibal was cooking their dinner already. It was his ambition that Will not eat anything that he hadn't prepared with his own hand. Will didn't even pretend that he minded. Knowing that he had a while before dinner was ready, he went into the bathroom and systematically scent marked everything in that linen closet. He had done the closet with the bed linens yesterday.

By the time he was done with that, the scents were starting to get faint so he moved on. The itch under his skin was a pleasant tingle now, though he knew it would come back and get

stronger. The more biological part of him knew that he was finally going to be mated; fucked and bred and *owned.* He was ready for it.

Suddenly feeling like he was too far from Hannibal, Will went back downstairs and into the heart of Hannibal's kingdom. The gleaming stainless steel countertops were covered in the supplies of Hannibal's craft as he prepared their next intricate meal. The Alpha smiled at his Omega when he came in. "Hello Dearest."

"Hello Darlin'. What are you making?"

"Apple and gruyere stuffed pork, wrapped in pancetta, with a purple potato and apple mash. I'm also sautéing some baby Brussel sprouts and portabella mushrooms in a port reduction."

"That sounds delicious," Will praised. "And it smells delicious too. Need any help?"

"No thank you, Dearest," Hannibal replied. "Come sit and tell me about your day."

"What's there to tell?" Will asked. "You were there. You haven't left my side in four days."

That was the truth, too. Ever since Will showed up at Hannibal's house to go to his birthday party on Mrs. Komeda's yacht, the pair had been together. It had been wonderful, it still was, but Will knew that that was his approaching Heat talking. A few days after that ended, he was going to want to breathe on his own again. It felt like a betrayal to even think it, and he had no idea how to make Hannibal understand.

"I may have been at your side, but I can't read your mind," Hannibal said as he chopped some mushrooms. "How did it feel, watching Uncle Jack and the others pick apart your crime scene?"

"It felt strange, to be honest." Will admitted. "They didn't know it was mine. And they didn't understand it at all." He let out a humorless laugh. "I think that, if I weren't there, they would never get the real meaning behind any kills." He was silent for a moment, watching Hannibal put the pork in the oven. "I did it for you. I never expected anyone but you to be able to understand it. I'm glad they didn't."

That made his Alpha smile. "I understood it and it was beautiful. I understand you."

"Yes, you do," Will agreed. He felt almost like he should reward Hannibal for his understanding; give him another reassurance that he would never, ever leave. An idea struck him and he grinned, walking out of the kitchen and into Hannibal's formal living room. So far he hadn't dared intimate himself into Hannibal's most sacred space, but now he realized it was time.

Hannibal was mildly surprised when Will left abruptly, but his Omega didn't go far. He could hear him in the living room. He kept mashing the potatoes and waited for his beloved to return. He didn't have to wait long, and he was incredibly surprised with what Will brought with him. He quickly abandoned his knife and went to help.

“Are the barstools uncomfortable, Dearest?” He asked, taking his favorite armchair from the Omega and carrying it towards the middle of the open space in the kitchen –what was supposed to be an eat in area, but served as extra preparation space when he worked with caterers.

“Oh they’re fine, but I prefer this. In the corner, please.” Hannibal obliged and carried the chair over to the corner, and set it at an angle to face his workstation. Will grinned and dropped down into it. “Now I can watch the full show from the most comfortable seat in the house.” He wiggled back into the seat with a happy sigh. “I swear, Hannibal, I may never leave this house.”

Hannibal swooped down to give him a kiss. “Never leave this house, Dearest.”

Will smiled again. “I may have to leave the house, but I’ll never leave you. Deal?”

“Deal,” Hannibal agreed as he moved back to his preparations, the frightened part of his brain soothed for the moment.

Dinner was a quiet affair, as it usually was. Hannibal had recently ordered new dining room chairs that were designed to be more comfortable for an Omega. He had always known, but only recently realized, that memory foam was best when it came to Omegas. He found that he didn’t exactly mind it himself.

In addition to the dining room chairs, almost every chair and couch in the house either had been replaced or was being replaced. In the past, Hannibal hadn’t exactly encouraged people to get comfortable. Now Will’s comfort was paramount to him. He was quickly replacing everything to be as soft as possible for his Omega, knowing that once his Heat hit, anything rough would irritate his sensitive skin. Oh, how he was looking forward to that.

Hannibal had to –extremely reluctantly- leave Will the next day to finish matters with a patient. He sat through the Beta’s hysterical crying for nearly 45 minutes before the man accepted his referral and left. The Alpha knew that he was really being a terrible psychiatrist, but he didn’t care. Will was more important than these fools.

He thought about William near constantly now, something he might bring up with Bedelia if he ever went to her again. Then again, he didn’t really need to talk to her about it. He understood it perfectly. It was obsession born of fear, and the possibility of having his deepest desire realized. It was truly wonderful and terrible at the same time. Still, even if he couldn’t make Will stay, he would attempt to enjoy his presence as much as he could. He would do everything in his power to keep his Omega and, if that didn’t work, he would die. He couldn’t live without the Omega in his life, not anymore. He would kill himself, and numb the pain of loss once and for all.

Arriving home was a balm for that part of Hannibal’s soul. He could smell his Omega, see his shoes lined up by the coat closet. “Will, Dearest, I’m home,” He calls out.

“Up here!” He hears in response, muffled by the floors in between them. Hannibal follows the scent of his Omega upwards, to their bedroom. On the way up, he notices that every door on the second floor is open, and as bright as can be. When he reaches his Omega, he sees why.

Will has, apparently, taken every fabric item in the house and swathed the master bedroom with it. The blackout curtains Hannibal had bought for his impending mating were hung up behind the regular curtains. Curtains from other rooms, as well as sheets and thin blankets, were nailed to the walls and ceiling. Towels and thicker blankets covered the floor. It created a muffled, hushed, and darkened environment in which Will would feel comfortable during his Heat.

His Omega was standing on a step stool, hanging up the curtains that went around the canopy bed. He had already gotten three and the top canopy up, and he secured the final side as Hannibal watched. The more enclosed and in the dark an Omega was during Heat, the better off they were. Will was clearly being driven by his nesting instincts to prepare. As Hannibal stepped closer, he could smell the reason: Will was almost in Heat.

The glorious smell of Will’s Heat was seeping out of his pores and soaking everything around him. It would be here soon, Hannibal realized, likely the very next day. For now Will was still coherent, but soon he would lose all sense of himself to his baser instincts. Hannibal felt no need to pretend that he wasn’t excited. He walked forward and swept the man off of the step ladder, pulled the curtain aside, and lay him out on the bed. In the back of his mind, it registered that everything had been scent marked. Good, that would make Will feel even more secure. Hannibal would add his scent markings to everything tonight.

“Welcome home,” Will mumbled as he pressed his lips into Hannibal’s neck. He kissed right on the gland that he would soon be biting to bond them together. Hannibal growled. Will smiled. “I did a little redecorating.

“I noticed,” Hannibal replied huskily as he nuzzled into his Omega’s hair.

“You bought me nesting blankets,” Will said.

“Yes, of course. As your Alpha it is my job to supply such things.” The thick, soft, weighted nesting blankets were considered one of the most important things that an Alpha could buy for his Omega. Hannibal had spared no expense, of course –the ones he had bought for Will were high quality velvet, stuffed with down, and weighted in the middle as well as around the edges. Ideally Hannibal would spend a great deal of time lying on top of Will during his Heat, but he would have to get up eventually to make sure his mate was taken care of. And, in the event of Will getting pregnant at some point, Hannibal would no longer be able to lie on top of him.

The pair kissed lazily for several long minutes before Will pushed Hannibal back. “Before I lose my mind completely, I need to talk to you about something.”

“Yes, Dearest?” Hannibal asked, worried.

“Do you want kids?”

Hannibal was struck for a moment. He had felt that the conversation would take a different direction. “Yes, I want to have children with you. Do you want them?”

“Very much,” Will agreed. “I can’t have them now, since I was on hormone blockers for so long, but that won’t last forever.”

“If you would like, we can see a fertility specialist and work on having it happen sooner,” Hannibal offered.

Will shook his head. “No, let’s just let it happen when it happens. That’ll give us more time with just us, Darlin’.”

“I long for a world that is just us,” Hannibal confided. He pulled Will back against him in a spoon. “Us and no one else.”

“We should go buy a deserted island and live there,” Will joked.

“Private islands are surprisingly reasonably priced,” The Alpha said.

“I was kidding!”

“I know. I wasn’t. I’ll create a haven for us, Dearest, I promise. I’m already working on it.”

“Can’t wait,” Will was starting to drift off. It wasn’t uncommon for an Omega to sleep in the hours before their Heat hit.

“Sleep, my beloved. You need to rest before your Heat.”

Will nodded. “I finished everything. I scent marked the sock drawer and the oven mitts,” he announced proudly.

“Good,” Hannibal crooned. “My life would be bereft if even my socks and oven mitts didn’t smell like you. Did you get my aprons?”

“Yep.”

Hannibal held him and stroked his hair in silence for a while before that gnawing fear came back to him. “Will?”

“Yeah, Darlin’?”

“You’re still sure about this?”

Will pulled away and turned so that he could look Hannibal in the eyes –his primary gesture of sincerity. “I want you to be with me during my Heat. I want you to fuck me, to knot me, and to mate me. I want us to be bonded for the rest of our lives, and I will never let you go. You’re mine, Hannibal Lecter, don’t you try to back out now.”

Hannibal smiled at his Omega. “I am yours. I’m not backing out; I just wanted to be sure. Sleep, Beloved. I will hold you.”

Hannibal held Will for an hour while he fell asleep and slept, then he carefully disentangled himself and went downstairs. He spent the next several hours preparing meals that were meant to be eaten cold. He pulled the mini-fridge he had bought for the occasion out of his basement and brought it into the master suite. He didn't want to be as far away as the kitchen once Will's Heat hit. He stocked the fridge and attached a water filter to the faucet in the bathroom. He made sure that Will had left a few towels in the bathroom –he had- and shut off his computer. He informed the very few relevant parties that both he and Will were going to be unavailable for the next week, then shut off both of their phones. After a moment of consideration, he unplugged his landlines too. He checked the stock of lube in the bedside table and made sure that he had enough instant ice packs.

Everything ready, Hannibal stripped down to his boxer briefs and slid into bed with his Omega. Will immediately shifted towards him, seeking contact. The Alpha resolved to get a few hours of rest before Will required his constant attention. He snuggled down into the mattress and Omega, and fell asleep.

He felt like he had barely closed his eyes, when he was awakened by hands pawing at him. "Hannibal," Will whimpered. The Alpha opened his eyes to see his Omega's; fever bright. Will was in Heat.

Mates

Chapter Notes

> Are you ready? Just remember: I don't write smut very well. I have also never been in a homosexual relationship between two males so if things are wrong....Blame the Omegaverse? Omega men have vaginas in their asses, okay? I think I get some leeway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal gasped when Will's hand slid under his boxer briefs and gripped his swollen erection tightly. Even in his sleep, he had responded to his Omega's need and prepared to breed him. He pushed himself up into a sitting position and Will followed, clinging to his Alpha as Heat seared through his veins. The Omega whimpered, and Hannibal crashed their mouths together –splitting his own lip on their teeth. Will lapped at the blood and writhed his way into his Alpha's lap.

Will was fully nude. He ground down onto his Alpha's clothed erection, his slick seeping through the fabric and making it stick to heated skin. He whined, feeling the blunt head press against his tender hole, unable to go in for the offending shorts, depriving him of what he needed most. Hannibal gripped his mate, kissed him heatedly, and threw him back onto the bed. He shed his briefs before Will could launch himself back onto him. The Omega was feral and intent. He threw himself back at the Alpha to be caught up in strong arms.

Hannibal bit at his Omega's neck –not puncturing the skin, not biting to bond- and dipped his first two fingers into the slick, waiting hole and roughly massaged what he found inside. Will cried out in delight. He canted his hips and ground into the sensation. He screamed out when Hannibal's fingers brushed his prostate and his cock was ground between their stomachs. He growled and bit his Alpha's neck, coming very close to the bonding gland.

"Not yet," Hannibal hissed.

Will growled again. "Alpha…. Hannibal!"

"Do you need me, Dearest? Tell me what you need."

The Omega let out a high keening cry and rocked back onto his Alpha's fingers. "Now! Now now now! Damn you, Hannibal, fuck me now!"

Hannibal threw him back again. "Turn over, Dearest. Present yourself to me." Will obeyed happily, slipping into his Lordosis Reflex. On his hands and knees he pushed his hips upwards, tilting into the perfect angle for the deepest penetration. "Do you want me to breed you?" Hannibal breathed into his beloved's neck as he mounted him. Will pushed back onto the heavy tip that was *just* teasing his dripping cunt. Hannibal denied him; instead rubbing his

erection between the mounds before him, slickening himself with Will's juices to ease his way. "Do you want me to knot you?"

Will choked back a moan and cry together. "Please," He whimpered.

Hannibal lined himself up at Will's entrance with one hand on the back of his neck and the other on his hip. "How can I deny you, my Dearest?" He canted his hips forward and pulled his Omega back by the hand on his hip. Their bodies slammed together. Will screamed. Hannibal yelled. Neither moved. It was hard for Hannibal to breathe, with Will's inner walls clamped down on him so tightly.

Clinically, distantly, Hannibal knew what happened to Omegas during estrus. Heat overtook their minds and drove them to do nothing but breed. Their bodies perfected for impregnation; vaginal walls tightened, slick produced more heavily and more readily, their nerve endings became hyper sensitive on the side of pleasure and dulled to pain. Hannibal knew that when he bit Will, when he latched onto the bonding gland, his Omega would feel nothing but the greatest pleasure. Nothing in the world was more orgasmic than the mating bite.

He couldn't wait.

Will began minutely thrusting his hips forwards and back, grinding onto Hannibal's swelling knot as much as he could at his angle. His Alpha took the hint. He pulled back about half way, then thrust back in. Will moaned. Hannibal repeated the action again and again, varying the length he pulled back with each thrust to keep his beloved on edge.

The writing, undulating creature before him was beautiful. Will had a savage grace to him that was not usually present. He was finally comfortable, and in his natural state. There was a fierceness to an Omega in Heat that betrayed their usually docile nature. Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will's chest and pulled him back, falling back into a crouch himself so that his Omega was in his lap. Will wrapped an arm back around his neck, claws digging in as he bounced on Hannibal's cock.

The Omega was a sweaty, panting mess. He had come completely undone and lost himself in the sensation of being so thoroughly fucked. He was beautiful. He was gone past the point of articulation, managing only partial words and heavy moans. He wouldn't last long in this frenzy, so Hannibal slowed him down with the hands on his hips. Will whined, not content with the gentle rocking motion that followed.

"Hush, Dearest," Hannibal admonished. "Let this last."

Will was not that obedient, however, and he had needs. He ripped himself out of Hannibal's arms and turned on his Alpha. With surprising strength, given his condition, he shoved the older man back and mounted him. Before Hannibal could catch his breath, his Omega was riding him hard and fast and *desperate* and the Alpha was in awe. It wasn't long before Will cried out and stiffened, his cock shooting impotent seed onto Hannibal's stomach. The Alpha sat up and caught his flagging mate and held him through it, while his inner muscles clamped tightly on Hannibal's erection. He had to grit his teeth and force himself not to thrust his knot into the welcoming warmth.

He held Will while he came down, but the Heat kept him from coming down all the way. In minutes he could feel the vestigial cock poking into his stomach and smearing the come there. “I’m going to fuck you,” Hannibal growled. “I’m going to breed you. I’m going to mate you. You will be *mine*, forever.”

“Yes,” Will mumbled into his mouth and followed with a kiss. They stayed like that for a time –despite Hannibal’s words, this was nice. Soon, however, Will’s Heat flared again and spiked his Rut to answer. He wondered if he would feel guilty for manhandling Will so much once the Heat was over, while he flipped him bodily back onto his stomach.

“On your hands and knees,” He commanded, and decided the guilt wouldn’t come when Will obeyed. He sank deeply back into the slick cunt presented to him and rocked in with shallow thrusts, to get used to the intense sensation again. This angle was the deepest and the most ideal. If Will weren’t currently infertile, he would get him with pups that very night. That would have to wait. Hannibal could wait.

He draped himself over his mate’s back as he deepened his thrusts and nuzzled into his sweet neck. Never before had he been able to smell the hormones in the bonding gland so sharply. The aroma was incredible and tempting, but he refrained for the time. For bonding to work properly, the bite had to be returned almost immediately, so that they could drink from each other at the same time. That required being face to face, so he would have to take Will on his back soon. For now though, he was happy to pound into his Omega until he wailed.

Hannibal straightened back up until he was just kneeling behind his beloved, and used his hands on the other man’s hips to pull him back into his punishing thrusts. Will was keening and Hannibal could just see that he was smiling as well. His expression was absolute bliss. While common sense dictated that sex with an Omega should typically be gentle, they wouldn’t tolerate such nonsense during Heat, as Hannibal had seen earlier. Will needed this brutal pace and depth. The Alpha could feel how he was nudging his Omega’s cervix with every thrust –good thing he had planned ahead and grabbed ice packs.

He could feel his knot beginning to catch on Will’s rim. He had another minute, maybe, before he had to push it in or be locked out when it became too large to pass through. He refused to be so sadistic to his own mate as to shove it in at its largest swell. Hannibal pulled back to just the tip, ignored Will’s protest, and flipped the man onto his back, before shoving back in to the knot. Will raised his legs; one over Hannibal’s shoulder, one onto his back. They rocked together for a moment until the Omega bucked his hips and the knot popped in. Encased in that delicious wet heat, the swelling increased to seal his seed inside.

Hannibal pulled Will’s leg off of his shoulder (the man wasn’t quite flexible enough to be bent in half) and wrapped it around his back. He moved to his Omega’s neck as he felt his orgasm building with his knot being squeezed. “Are you ready, my love?”

Will took a moment to come out of the haze, but he was able to croak “Yes.” That was enough for Hannibal, who bared his elongated canines and bit down hard into Will’s bonding gland. The taste that flooded his mouth was the greatest flavor he had ever enjoyed. He knew, in that moment, that all other tastes would be ruined for him from now on, for what in the world could compete with the taste of Will Graham?

He became aware of teeth at his own neck only a moment before Will bit down and punctured skin and gland. A warmth surged through him and he was coming as he drank deeply, blood becoming mixed with the enticing contents of the gland sac he had burst. He felt Will's teeth clamp down as his vaginal walls clamped down and more come sprayed between them. His knot pulsed and his vision went nearly white as he shot seed into his mate's body. Never before had Hannibal experienced an orgasm so intense. Distantly he reconsidered a number of movie portrayals of this moment. Everything was perfect.

As he and Will came down from that extended high and removed their teeth from each other's flesh, Hannibal knew he had never been happier. His life was the best it had ever been. Will was kissing his mouth sleepily, Heat satisfied for now with his mate's knot and seed. The pair had to maneuver quite creatively to spoon without pulling on the knot – something that was quite painful for them both- so that they could strengthen the bond with proximity and intimacy. Hannibal watched Will fall asleep in his arms, and himself fell asleep breathing in the heady aroma of chocolate curls.

Will's Heat lasted for five days. That was actually fairly good, considering how long he had been on hormone suppressants. Hannibal fucked, fed, and held him through it until he finally began to pull out of the haze. They lounged together in bed as he slowly came back to himself, Hannibal feeding him from his own hand as he sleepily nibbled on toast. As soon as he finished with that, Hannibal was determined to drop him in the bathtub –getting him in the shower had been nearly impossible given how inexperienced both of them were, so he had rather neglected to bathe his mate. The Omega was starting to smell.

Will didn't want to get out of the bed, though. He had gotten agitated when Hannibal had tried to open the curtains surrounding their love nest to let in the light; he had leapt onto his mate and ripped the curtains closed again, before burrowing under the covers, curling up like a wild beast and glaring at Hannibal with only his eyes visible. Hannibal had been forced to wait until he was asleep again before he had gone to make them a light meal –toast, apple sauce, and lightly seasoned pork loin. Will could only drink water until he was rehydrated.

The couple ended up staying in bed for most of the day. Only once his biological clock said that it was dark outside did Will allow the curtains around the bed to be opened. Hannibal went to fill their tub with hot water and lavender and lemon oil. When it was sufficiently full and smelling delicious, the way he liked for Will to smell, he gathered his mate from their nest and carried him to the tub. Stripping off the blanket that the Omega clung to against the artificial light in the bathroom, he carefully put the man into the tub. His Omega whined and covered his eyes, so Hannibal got out and lit candles, turned off the overhead light, and joined his mate.

The pair had to shift around for Hannibal to sit behind Will, who was calming down in the darkness and warmth, surrounded by his beloved Alpha. "I'm happy, Hannibal," he mumbled.

“I am too, my love,” He replied, and kissed the bruised and scarring bite on his mate’s neck. He savored the memory of the taste that had flooded his mouth then he bit into the bonding gland and swallowed the fluid that biologically bonded them together. No taste had ever been more delicious, more perfect, than the ultimate essence of William Graham. Already he could feel, in the most animal and primal part of his brain, he could feel the cells lighting up from Will’s influence; opening up to his mate and the bond that was forming between them. One day it would take over his entire being; he and Will would have the ability to not only feel each other, but to actively communicate.

When he was consciously aware of the forming bond, he was able to manipulate it slowly, with great difficulty, so that he could push it towards Will. He was eager for the bond to strengthen it as soon as possible. He washed his Omega gently and unconsciously as he pushed at the infant bond, straining his own abilities as he tried to force their minds together. Will sat quietly in his arms as he did, almost dozing, still content in the warmth and the darkness.

Hannibal pushed further and nearly gave up when Will sat bolt upright, then slowly turned to look at him. “Was that you?” He breathed incredulously.

“I believe so,” Hannibal confirmed. “I was trying to feel you.”

“You shouldn’t be able to do that yet. We shouldn’t be able to touch yet. It’s too early.”

Hannibal scoffed. “For an average pair, perhaps, but we are far better than most. We also understand each other at a far more intimate level than you are likely to find in others. We are soul mates, Will, perfectly designed to fit together.”

Will chuckled. “If anyone else said something like that, I’d call them crazy and arrogant. From you, it’s sweet and it makes perfect sense. Can you do it again?”

“I believe if you were to extend your consciousness to mine at the same time, it may work even better.”

“Alright.”

They both fell silent as they worked, forcing their minds together past the limitations of their short time of being bonded. It was a struggle, but there was finally a moment of *something* where they were together, intimately. Will gasped and Hannibal tightened his arms around his Omega. It took a moment to process that brief glance, but Hannibal realized that they had been basking in their mutual happiness.

Will concurred. “Maybe we can do that because we’re feeling the same thing at the same time?”

“I believe you may be right.” Hannibal kissed his curls. “Despite all of the study that has gone into the mating bond, surprisingly little is known about it. One thing we do know is that it can vary greatly between pairs. Some couples never move past impressions. You and I will be able to communicate fully across distances.”

“You sound sure of that,” Will laughed. “Not just sure; determined.”

“I will give you open access to my mind, that you may know me inside and out. I dream of being granted the same.”

“Of course. I want you in my mind. I want what you described.”

“Good.”

Dinner that night would have been a quiet affair, if Beverly Katz hadn’t shown up in a tizzy. “Slow down, articulate, and tell me again what’s wrong,” Will demanded.

“I found an engagement ring in Alana’s desk. She and I haven’t even discussed this, Will! It isn’t even legal in Maryland!”

“Whoa, yeah, that’s a lot,” the Omega agreed, while Hannibal tried to discreetly catch Ms. Katz’s attention. “You two haven’t been together that long yet.”

Alana arrived less than fifteen minutes after Beverly, carrying a small, black velvet box in one hand. “Bev what’s going on? Why was this on my desk?”

“You know better than I do!” Beverly yelled.

“What I mean is, how did you find it?”

“I was looking for a pen.”

“My pens are on top of my desk.”

“Not the good ones. I know you, *Dr. Bloom*. You hide your good pens.”

“It’s true,” Hannibal mumbled to Will, then went back to discreetly trying to catch Alana’s attention.

“Why are you freaking out about this? The ring isn’t even mine. I’m just holding it for a friend!” Alana coaxed.

“Not…yours?” Beverly sounded surprised. “You aren’t about to propose?”

“I love you Beverly, but no. Not yet”

“Okay…good…I love you too but damn, Alana. Way too soon, you know? And besides, I always kind of figured I would do it.”

Alana gaped. “You would want to propose to me?”

“Not tomorrow or anything, but eventually, yeah.”

The romantic tension in the air was palpable. Will cleared his throat. “So you’re holding the ring for a friend? Who asks someone to do that?” He asked incredulously.

It was Hannibal’s turn to clear his throat. “Someone like me.” He walked forward and took the box from Alana. “I was uncertain as to the timing, but it seems like the cat is out of the bag, now.”

Will stopped breathing when Hannibal turned to him with the ring box in hand. His mate took a few steps forward, looking more uncertain and painfully hopeful than Will had ever seen. Hannibal stopped before him, took is right hand, and got down on one knee. Will could only stare in wonder and will his throat to work.

“William Graham, my love, my mate, will you marry m-“

“Yes! Oh…sorry. I didn’t mean to interru-mph!”

Hannibal lunged to his feet and sealed his mouth to Will’s. The Omega could feel his Alpha slipping the ring onto his finger. Beverly and Alana cheered. Will pulled away from the all-consuming kiss to look his mate in the eyes. Right there, in that moment, he had everything he had ever wanted.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so a few things here:

Mating is about biology; marriage is about love. In the next arc there is going to be a lot about why that distinction is important. (Also there will be a hell of a lot more Bevlana. Woot.)

This arc is now over. I have decided to wait to start posting the third and final arc until I have a few chapters written. Don't expect it in September. In the meantime, I have a few other things!

1. Omega!Hannibal is a Lithuanian nurse who married American soldier Alpha!Will at the end of WWII and moved to America with him to cannibalize the local population. (5-7 Chapters)
2. Hannibal is the Wendigo-as-Death-God and High Priestess Bedelia decides to make Will her next virgin sacrifice after he accidentally burns down part of the temple. Suffice to say the village actually enjoys Hannibal's good favor for decades to follow after such a wonderful sacrifice. (One shot)
3. I'm reading cognomen's Lagbrotna and I might try my hand at a Viking or Spartan AU. Maybe. I haven't entirely committed to this one yet. (Eh)
4. After a massive Mizumono rewrite in which Hannibal is not the one who stabs Will, and in fact stays to save Will, and then gets captured and sent to jail, Will is abso-

fucking-lutely in love with his serial killer and organizes his defense. In a shocking twist, Franklyn didn't die and is actually an accomplished criminal defense lawyer, who represents Hannibal (much to Hannibal's terror and internal screaming). (Either a really long one shot, or I may divide it into some chapters.)

I AM working on the third arc of this. I have part of it written. I have most of it planned. These other things have just all been clawing at me and making it really hard for me to focus on this one story because my brain demands I write them all. Anyway I hope you enjoy what I have written so far and will consider reading some of this new stuff too. I like my readers (not that you'd know, as time restraints have forced me to stop replying to comments).

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!